ALCIBIADES.

collated & perfect J.P.K. 1684

A Tragedy,

Acted at the DUKE'S Theatre.

Written by *Tho. Otway.*

——*Laudetur ab his Culpetur ab illis,*
Horat: Serm: Lib. Ist. Sat. 2.

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First Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Cademan* at the sign of the *Popes Head* in the Lower walk of the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*, 1675.

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *MIDDLESEX*.

My Lord,

I *Am ſufficiently ſenſible of my own Arrogance, in that being almoſt a Stranger to every thing of You but your Fame, I durſt obtrude ſo abject a Triffle as this, under the Patronage of ſo eminent a Perſon; but that generous Candour, wherewith you oblige all the World, gave me Courage to hope you might at leaſt pardon this firſt offence in me. And though perhaps, the beſt preſents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my wiſhes, if the ſincerity of my Zeal, may atone for the meaneſs of the Offering: That is the fartheſt proſpect I look to, which whilſt I have in view, I dare not (though perhaps as juſtly as ſome others have done I might) complain of the cenſures of the*

World; for since I've heard that your Lordship prov'd indulgent, I were unworthy of the favours you bestow'd, should be concern'd at the malice or petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs think it modish to be Critical, but in the mean while forget 'tis as gentile to be civil. No my Lord, 'tis under your Umbrage only I would court protection, to whom Heav'n has given a soul, whose endowments are as much above flattery, as it self abhors it; and which are as impossible to be describ'd, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest Pilgrims, when they visit shrines, will make some presents where they kneel: so I have here brought mine, by your own goodness only made worthy to be preserv'd; in whose defence I can say nothing more, than that with all my best endeavours are, and ever shall be ready to testifie how much I am, my Lord

The most earnest of Your

Servants, and Admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE spoken by Mr. Harris.

NEver did Rymer greater hazard run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone:
Though we alas! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost;
Yet all our best endeavours have been lost.
So oft a States-man lab'ring to be good,
His Honesty's for Treason understood,
Whilst some false flatt'ring Minion of the Court,
Shall play the Traytor, and be honour'd for't.
To you known Judges of what's sence, and wit
Our Authour swears he gladly will submit.
But there's a sort of things infest the Pit,
That will be witty, spight of Nature too,
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those wou'd-be Witts repair,
In quest of you, where if you not appear,
Crys one —— Pugh! Dam me what do we do here?
Strait up he starts, his Garniture then puts
In order, so he Cocks, and out he struts.
To th' Coffee-House, where he about him looks:
Spyes Friend, crys Jack —— I've been to Night at th' Dukes:
The silly Rogues are all undone my Dear,
I gad! not one of sence that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd Reputation gather
Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a Stranger been of late,
'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.
Both Houses too to long a Fast have known,
That coursest Non-sence goes most glibly down,
Then though this Trifler never wrote before,
Yet Faith he ventur'd on the common score:
Since Non-sence is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may pass amongst the Crowd.

Actors

Actors Names.

Agis,		Mr. *Medbourne*.
Alcibiades,	General of *Athens*, but fled thence in discontent & made General of *Sparta*, betrothed to *Timandra*.	Mr. *Batterton*.
Tissapherner,	the old General of *Sparta*.	Mr. *Sandford*.
Patrocles,	His Son and Friend to *Alcibiades*.	Mr. *Crosby*.
Iphranes,	The now *Athenian* General, in Love with *Timandra*.	Mr. *Harris*.
Polyndus,	A young Noble of *Athens*, his friend.	Mr. *Gillow*.

Deidamia,	Queen of *Sparta* in Love with *Alcibiades*,	Mrs. *Mary Lee*.
Timandra,	A noble *Athenian* Lady, betrothed to *Alcibiades*.	Mrs. *Batterton*.
Draxilla,	Sister to *Alcibiades* and her friend.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Ardella,	Lady of Honour to the Queen of *Sparta*.	Mrs. *Gillow*.

Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, Spirits, Guards, Messengers, Villains, Ladys, &c.

ALCIBIADES.

A Tragedy.

ACT. First. SCENE First, a Palace.

Timandra and *Draxilla* shouts without, *Theramnes, Theramnes, Theramnes.*

Enter Servant.

Tim. WHat mean these shouts?

Serv. ——Oh all your hopes are croſt,
The Gallant *Alcibiades* is loſt.

Tim. Hah!——

Serv. ——When laſt Night the Youth of *Athens* late
Roſe up the *Orgia* to Celebrate
The *Bacchanals* all hot and Drunk with Wine,
He led to the Almighty Thund'rers ſhrine,
And there his Image ſeated on a Throne
They violently took and tumbled down:
This opportunity *Theramnes* got,
To ſupplant him, and his own ends promote;
For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his Rival ſhou'd in all ſucceed;
But he the threat'ning danger to evade,
Is to the *Spartan* Camp for Refuge fled:
And now by order from the Senate, all
With ſhouts proclaim *Theramnes* General.

Tim. But is he fled? has he ſo meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone.

Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth?
Oh too unkind, falſe and unconſtant Youth! [*Exit Serv.*

Drax. Madam, believe not but my Brothers juſt,
You wrong his honour by this mean diſtruſt;
Think you that diſtance can his Love rebate.

Tim. Thy young Experience never felt the weight
Of Lovers fears; if juſt, he'l eaſily
Excuſe that Love that breeds this Jealouſie.

Drax. But Madam, for theſe doubts no grounds you have.

Tim. Alas! goe ask of Mad-men why they Rave.
What more could Fate do to Augment my Woe?
I Love, am Mad, and know not what I do.
I, who before had nothing in my Eyes,
But Glory and Love growing to delight,
Like Chymiſts waiting for their labours prize;
My hopes are daſh't and ruin'd in their height.

Drax. Alas, we but with weak intelligence
Read Heaven's decrees, Th'are writ in Myſtick ſence,
For were they open lay'd to Mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Dieties.
Perhaps the wiſer pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing happineſs allay,
Leſt ſhould it in its high perfection come,
Your ſoul for the Reception might want roome.

Tim. Thy Reaſons kind *Draxilla*, weakly move,
What Woman e're complain'd of too much Love?
No, had I naked to the World been left,
Of Honour, and its gawdy Plumes bereft:
Yet all theſe *I* with gladneſs could reſign,
So *Alcibiades* had ſtill been mine;
But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the caſket when the Jewel's gone?

Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler luſtre, and return again:
Think you his great ſoul could with patience ſee,
His riſi'd Honours heap'd on's Enemy;

And not his Rage have grown to that exceſs,
As muſt have ruin'd all your happineſs.
But he withdrew, and like a Zealous Hermit did forgoe
Thoſe little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.
Tim. That Zeal muſt needs be very weak and faint,
That lets the Votary forſake his Saint;
No, he is happy in ſome other flame,
And from his breaſt has blotted out my name:
So that there nothing more remains for me,
But a kind Death, or a long Miſery.
But Death alone's th'unhappy Lovers eaſe,
That Seals up to us an Eternal Peace;
By that our ſouls to endleſs pleaſures move,
And we enjoy an Everlaſting Love.
Yet e're I dye, as dye I feel I muſt,
To *Alcibiades* I would be juſt;
Fain would I let him know how I reſign
All in him, that his paſt Vows had made mine;
Then to its ſeat in peace my ſoul ſhould flye,
And calmly at my Lovers feet I'd dye.
Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldſt thou do?
Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to ſee you dye.
Tim. Some ſafe diſguiſes for us then provide,
From watchful eyes our ſudden flight to hide;
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'le forthwith move,
Born on the wings of Jealouſy and Love;
For I'm reſolv'd to know the worſt of Fate,
I wou'd be bleſt; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful Lover, or a Grave.

Theramnes *at the Door.*

Th. ——Stay kind *Polyndus* here
Whilſt I go pay my juſt devotion there: [*Steping to* Tim.
See faireſt Queen of Love and Beauty here,
Your faithfulleſt & humbleſt Worſhiper.

Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice,
To those Eternal Glorys of your Eyes?
It is a heart as spotless and sincere,
As the chast Vows of holy Vestals are;
Attend Divine one, and pronounce my doom.
Tim. Are you my Lord to much my Sorrows come?
Th. No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
To pay my duty, and present my flame.
Tim. What flame or duty can you owe to me?
Th. Next what the Holy to the Dietys
When they for blessings at the Altars move,
'Tis Adoration Madam, joyn'd with Love.
Tim. Love! I thought that had been e're this o'rebrown;
I'm sure it had small hopes to live upon.
Th. That Love which only tedious hopes sustain,
Is a dull, easie, and ignoble pain:
Mine's an exal'ning and transporting fire,
Whose flames encrease, and still are piercing higher.
Tim. Yes, as from Piles some wilder flames essay,
To mount, but baffled part in fumes away;
So all that love you now so strongly boast,
Sever'd from hope in a weak Vapour's lost;
But you too urgent in your suit appear.
Th. Oh what too urgent for a joy so dear!
Tim. Since then you constancy so firmly Vow,
Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do so too. [*Gives her hand.*
The. Thus when the storms of Love are over-past,
We gain the wisht-for Port of bliss at last.
I ne're could doubt—— [*Kisses her hand.*
Tim. —— Then know I ne're can cease
From my Vow'd Love to *Alcibiades*.
Th. I'm lost, and all those Joys I saw so near,
Vanish, and leave me wandring in despair:
Thus Madam Barb'rous Cruelty y'ave shown,
Raising me up only to throw me down.
Tim. Not to deceive you, I (*Theramnes*) know
How much I am oblig'd t'your Love and You.

Since

Since you such ample kindness did express,
In favour of my *Alcibiades*:
How poorly did you envy the esteem
I for his matchless Vertues had, and Him?
When finding him abandon'd by the State,
You, to advance your interest, did create
New feuds;——
As if my Love were ballanc'd by his Fate?
No, he had nobler Charms my breast to move,
Unblemish'd Honour, and a spotless Love,
Which though perhaps now know another flame,
Yet I have love and passion for their Name.
Tho. Am I then of all hopes of bliss debarr'd?
Oh too soft Charms sway'd by a heart too hard.
Tim. We're something discompos'd Sir I perceive,
And 'tis but modesty to take my leave.
Th. Oh stay and pity a poor Lovers Fate!
Tim. If pity Sir, is all you ask, take that.
Th. Heavens, can the at those Chains he gave me scoff!
Tim. You at your pleasure Sir, may shake 'em off.
[*Exeunt* Tim. *and* Drax.

Enter Polyndus.

Pol. How fares my noblest Friend?
Th. —— As those who are
Tot'ring upon the brinks of dire despair,
Help and retreive me with th'assisting hand,
Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.
Pol. Then Sir turn back and face your driving Foe.
Th. Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?
The more I strive, the faster I am bound,
As ign'rant swimmers are with struggling drown'd.
Pol. *Timandra*, surely can't in honour less,
Then Crown your Love with prosperous success,
When she believes, (as certainly she must)
That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjust;
Th. Alas, she Loves him with much greater flame,
And pays devotion to his very name:

Distance

Distance adds to their Loves a Violence;
And their souls hold from far Intelligence.
Thus my mistaking Policy out-run,
My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.

Pol. Why do you let your soul be so oppress't?
'Tis Patience best befits a gallant Breast.

Th. Patience! Whats that? The Mistress of tame Fools,
That can in nothing else employ their souls;
No, since *Timandra* thou canst disapprove,
My just flame for an absent Rivals Love,
I'l find that Rival out, and snatch his breath,
Though ev'ry step *I* tread, encounter Death.

Pol. Now Sir y'are brave———
Already y'ave disarm'd *Timandra*'s charms,
Me-thinks *I* see you Rev'ling in her Arms;
Let's then o'th' Wings of Love and honour fly
To th' Field, and meet th' insulting Enemy:
Where through the paths of death and blood, we'l go
To meet your Rival, and his Countrys Foe:
There the remembrance of *Timandra*'s charms,
Shall add fresh courage to your Conq'ring Arms.
But if Fate the success so order shall,
That by your Rivals Sword you chance to fall:
I then (as honour justly will command,)
Inspir'd by Friendship and *Timandra*'s Name,
Will bravely stem him, and with this bold hand
Revenge, or fall a Victim to your flame.

Th. Oh noble generous Youth! whose tender years,
Such gallant courage and such honour wear!
How can my aymes but in my wishes end,
That have so worthy and so brave a Friend?
Come my *Polyndus.*— } *Embraces him.*

Pol. ———On my Friend I'le wait,
Through all the Labarinths of Love and Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE:

The Tent of a Pavilion Royal, the King *and* Queen *of* Sparta, Alcibiades, Tissaphernes, Patroclus, Guards, Ladys, *&c.* *K.*

K. Now muſt proud *Athens* lay her Tryumphs down,
And pay her Glorys Tribute to my Crown;
No more ſhall ſtupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
Nor make diſadvantagious peace for fear;
But ſhe her ſelf muſt in ſubjection come,
And humbly at my feet expect her doom.

Tiſſ. Yes Sir, all Glorys muſt when Yours break forth,
Go out, and loſe their Beauty, and their Worth;
And like falſe Angels Vaniſh and be gone,
Dreading thoſe ſhapes they durſt before put on.

Pat. Athens, the Worlds great Miſtreſs will not be
Courted with low and vulgar Gallantry.
Her Glory aymes at higher Characters,
Then heavy Gown-men clad in formal Furrs:
Who wins her deeds 'bove common Fate muſt do,
And ſo ſhe's only Miſtreſs fit for You.

K. Yes, and I only will enjoy her too.
But noble generous Youth, thou has alone
Things Worthy the *Athenian* honour done: } To *Alcibiades.*
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle ſoard'ſt above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move;
A flight too high for their dull ſouls to uſe,
Which prompted 'em that honour to abuſe:
Thinking their baſeneſs they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State.
But let them that black miſtery purſue,
By worth and honour Empires greateſt grow;
Which when abus'd, their glory does ſuppreſs,
As revers'd proſpects make the object leſs.

Alcib. Yours Sir, like Heav'ns great ſoul is General,
Diſpenſing its kind influence on all.
This makes ſucceſs and Victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper Sphear;
As fragrant dews leave the corrupter earth,
Exhail'd by th'Sun from whom they had their Birth.

K. The-

K. The truth of that we by your Lawrels know,
Conqueſt your Arms, Triumph ſtill waits your brow;
By your ſucceſs th' *Athenian* greatneſs roſe,
Your courage ſcatter'd their inſulting Foes;
And from that height to which by you th'are grown,
'Tis your ſucceſs alone muſt throw 'em down.
Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force;
And all thoſe honours you were rob'd off there,
We'll make our ſtudy to redouble here.

Tiſſ. And I, (if that my Malice tell me true,) } *Aſide.*
As diligently ſhall his Plagues purſue. }

Alcib. Of all my Courage or my Sword ſhall do,
I the ſucceſs muſt to your Vertue owe:
The honour and the juſtice of your cauſe,
So glorious are, Fate muſt from them take Laws:
So You o're *Athens* this advantage have,
You Fortune rule, to whom ſhe's but a Slave.

K. Enjoy my *Tiſſaphernes* now thy eaſe,
And plant freſh Lawrels in the ſhades of Peace.
The glorys thou haſt won, ſo num'rous are,
They ſeem as many as thy age can bear.
But if thy ſpacious ſoul thou canſt confine,
Within this narrow Manſion of mine:
Be this the utmoſt of thy wiſhes bound,
Poſſeſs his grateful heart, whoſe head th'aſt Crown'd.

Tiſſ. Heav'n knows my Age does feel no ſharper ſting,
Then to want pow'r to ſerve ſo good a King.
But ſince time tells me that my glaſs is run,
Setting me backward where I firſt begun;
Since no way elſe they can their duty ſhow,
I'le only employ my hands to Heav'n for you: } }
And what my Sword can't, may devotion do. }

K. How truly he a glorious Monarch is
That's Crown'd with bleſſings ſo ſublime as theſe!
How can I but in all things happy be,
Propt by ſuch Courage and ſuch Piety?

To

To me with Gods ſimilitude is giv'n:
'Tis pow'r and vertue that ſupports their Heav'n.
Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
T'Alarm it to Obedience, or to War;
To Morrow muſt decide th'*Athenian* Fate,
This day to joy and eaſe we'l Conſecrate. } *Exeunt Om. præt. Tiſſ.*

Tiſſ. Ungrateful King! thy ſhallow aymes purſue,
But my brisk Up-ſtart Fav'rite, have at you.
Was it for this my active Youth *I* ſpent
In War? and knew no dwelling but a Tent!
Have *I* for this through Invious Mountains paſs't?
Demoliſh't Cities, and lay'd Kingdoms waſt?
Still in his Cauſe unwearied courage ſhown?
And almoſt hid his head in Crowns *I* won!
Upon my Breaſt receiv'd ſo many Scarrs,
They ſeem a War deſcrib'd in Characters!
And muſt the harveſt of my toyle and blood,
Upon a fawning Rebel be beſtow'd?
Who having falſe to his own Country been,
Comes here to play his Treaſons o're agen?
Muſt he at laſt tumble my Trophies down,
And Revel in the Glorys *I* have won?
Whilſt from my Honours, they me diſengage
With a dull Complement to feeble Age.
What ayles this hardy hand, that yet it ſhou'd
Tremble at death, or ſtart at reeking blood?
Me-thinks this Dagger *I* as firmly hold, [*Draws a Dagger.*
And with a ſtrength as reſolute and bold,
As he who kindly would its point impart,
A preſent to an envy'd Fav'rites heart;
And *I* fond Youth will try to work thy fall,
Though with my own *I* Crown thy Funeral.
Envy and Malice from your Manſions flie,
Reſign your horrour and your Snakes to me;
For I'le act miſchiefs yet to you unknown;
Nay, you ſhall all be Saints when *I* come down.

Finis Actus primi.

ACT Second.

Scene First. *A Grove adjoyning to the Spartan Camp.*

Timandra and *Draxilla.*

Tim. WHat uncouth Roads Afflicted Lovers paſs!
How ſtrange prepoſt'rous ſteps their Sorrows trace!
Oh *Alcibiades*, if thou art juſt,
Forgive th'exceſs of Love that bred diſtruſt.
Driven by that, diſguis'd *I* hither came,
Yet here and ev'ry where my grief's the ſame.
But kind *Draxilla*'s Friendſhip can diſpel,
The thickeſt Clouds that on ſad Boſoms dwell,
That does alleviate my griefs, and give
My wearied ſoul a ſoft and kind Reprieve;
Which ever to forget, would be as hard,
And as impoſſible, as to Reward.

Drax. The ſerving you, my happineſs ſecures;
I'm only ſomthing by my being yours;
Since equally with yours, my hopes were croſt,
When in your Lover I a Brother loſt;
Then like an Orphan deſtitute and bare
Of all but Miſery and ſad deſpair,
Your Kindneſs gave my yeelding ſpirits reſt,
And rais'd me to a dwelling in your breaſt:
Then ought *I* not in all my ſoul reſign,
To eaſe her griefs that kindly pitty'd mine?

Tim. In that *I* did what honour urg'd me to.

Drax. And honour tells me Gratitude is due.

Tim. But how grows Gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus, and weep for me.

Drax. Alas, that is the leaſt that I could do,
To our worſt Enemies our Tears we owe. Friend-

Friendſhip to ſuch a noble height ſhould riſe,
As their devotion does in Sacrifice;
Who think they ſhew a zeal remiſs and ſmall,
Except themſelves as nobler Victims fall.
With as great courage could I for you dye,
And my Triumphant Soul to Heav'n ſhould fly;
There I again my Friendſhip would renew,
And lay up chiefeſt joyes in ſtore for you.

Tim. What vaſt and boundleſs flights does Friendſhip take!
Beyond what ſearch can ſee, or fancy track!
'Tis the improvement of the part divine,
When ſouls in their Seraphick tranſports joyn;
In ſouls united, ſo we friendſhip ſee,
As many glorys make a Diety.

Enter Alcibiades *from the back part of the Scenes.*

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who muſt retrieve
Your drooping hopes, and your faint joyes revive.

Tim. My *Alcibiades*! how I begin
To think my miſplac't jealouſy did ſin!
Go meet him, ſeem all troubled, and in tears,
And with the tale I taught thee wound his ears:
Mean while I will with-draw my ſelf this way, } *Goes to the*
Nor would my ſwelling paſſions let me ſtay. } *Door.*

Alcib. What ayrie Viſions o're my eyes there move,
Like the good genius of an abſent Love!
Where e're I turn me, I me-thinks eſpy,
Timandra's Image ſoftly gliding by.
Such fond Ambition, Love his Slaves does teach,
To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach.
For oh Divine One!——
How ſickly joyes, honour and greatneſs grant,
When thee the glory of my ſoul I want!

Drax. My Lord!——

Alcib. ——Guard me, ye pow'rs *Draxilla* here,
And weeping too! Oh my Prophetick fear!
What is't your coming here would ſeem to tell?
Relate, oh quickly, is my Princeſs well?

Drax. Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the Spartan Camp you took your flight,
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forſake your Country and your Love,
Timandra, and my ſelf, and we were ſate
In her Apartment, grieving for your fate:
No ſooner with ſad Jealouſies oppreſt,
Her wearied ſoul in ſleep ſought after reſt,
But grief new Scenes of miſery brought in,
And plaid in Dreams its horrours o're agen:
Sometimes her tender Arms ſhe'd forward ſtretch,
Then fiercely at the empty ayr would catch:
Wearied with grief, ſhe then would milder be,
And in a hallow ſigh ſend out, Ah Me!
At laſt ſhe roſe, and 'bout the Chamber walkt;
Sometimes ſhe ſtarted, then ſtood ſtill and talkt:
Anon, repeat ſome ſhort and pithy pray'r;
Agen grow wild, and tear her pretious hair;
Till having ſo wrought ſorrow to that height,
That her ſoul grew too tender for the weight:
E're I my courage could collect to go,
And give a hindrance to the fatall blow,
She with her Dagger ſtab'd her ſelf, and ſaid,
Thus dy'd *Timandra* that unhappy Maid.

Alcib. Ye Gods! Is't thus your Juſtice you diſpence,
To lay th'reward of Guilt on Innocence?
What though theſe Sacrileadgious hands have thrown
Your Images, thoſe Pageant Glorys down!
Muſt you revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, ſo y'ad pitty'd her.
But thus I'le ſend my ſoul, where it may tell
She lov'd too raſhly, but not lov'd too well;
Oh Siſter! do not hinder me my death;
Sighs are the only uſe I've left of breath:
One blow will put an end to grief and Me.
Offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindred by Draxilla.

Enter

Enter Timandra.

Tim. That Sir you muſt not do, nor muſt I ſee. [Al. *ſtarts.*
Why fly you back? nay, if you ſhun me now,
I ſhall grow apt to think my fears too true.

Alcib. Oh Heavens! does then my dear *Timandra* live!
The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
This was the greateſt bliſs Heav'n had to give.
How raſhly did my impious rage prophane
Your Goodneſs! oh but waſh away that ſtain,
Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
And have a Sacrifice for ev'ry God.
Till by thoſe holy fires, this black offence
Be purg'd and purify'd to Innocence.
But deareſt, how could you ſo cruel be,
To let ſuch bliſs be dreſt in miſery?
To tell me you were dead!
How could you think but th'horror of that breath,
Muſt damp my Soul, and chill me into death.

Tim. Alas, my fears could find out no relief;
But thus t'aſſault you in the garb of grief;
This tryal of your Faith my Joy ſecures,
As Thunders uſher in refreſhing ſhow'rs.

Alcib. Let us no longer then to doubts give way,
But haſt to th'Conſummation of our Joy,
So with our bright united flames, diſpell
Thoſe anxious miſts that on our boſoms dwell,
Being of no other Jealouſie poſſeſt,
But which ſhall kindeſt prove, and love the beſt.

Tim. And when our faithful happy hearts ſhall be
Firmier united by that ſacred tye,
How in an endleſs Road of bliſs we'l move,
Steering our motions by our perfect Love!
There we with pleaſure will recount each woe

Which

Which we have paſs't, and others undergoe.
There we'll reflect o'th' various hopes and fears,
The mournful ſighs and the impatient tears
Of diſtreſt Lovers, whilſt we'll kindly thence,
Through a ſtrange myſtical Intelligence,
Give 'em Redreſſes by our influence;
Till ſo by ours,——
Their full-grown Joyes receive a happy birth,
As Planets in their kind Conjunctions bleſs the Earth.

Alcib. Then my *Timandra* to our Bliſs let's fly,
There's but one minute more to Extaſy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen *and* Ardella.

Queen. Oh my *Ardella*, whither ſhall I turn?
I'm all o're flame, in ev'ry part I burn.

Ar. Your Majeſty——

Queen. ——Fool, Majeſty! what's that?
Th' Ill-natur'd pageant-mockery of fate;
When her ungrateful ſportive pow'r ſhe'd ſhow,
Raiſing us high——
To barr us of the benefits below.
But I'le her ſervile Policy deſpiſe,
And make her ſtoop to Loves great Victories.
Th' Almighty Pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
To taſt the ſweets of Am'rous Excellence:
Why then ſhould Princes that are Gods below,
Think that a ſin which Heav'n is proud to do?

Ard. But Madam, is it not a cruel thing,
T'abuſe a Loving Husband and kind King?

Qu. Dull Girle, thou knowſt not what a Husband is.
Alas, they never reach the height of bliſs,
But ignorantly with Loves Magick play,
Till they raiſe Spirits they want pow'r to lay.
In that brave *Alcibiades* there ſwarm
So many graces, he's all over charm;
Such killing Ayres in each part of him move,

His

His Brow darts Majesty, and his Eye Love:
Oh my *Ardella*, I am lost in thought!
I fain wou'd have thee——yet 'tis false, I'd not.

Ard. Madam, your Royal pleasure but relate,
I'le be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.

Qu. Art thou then skilful in Loves subtle arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuscades for hearts?
Canst thou express a melting kind desire,
And give a feeling draught of Loves soft fire?

Ard. Madam, so subt'ly I'le his heart betray,
As one, who by some great Magicians pow'r,
Is hurry'd through the Regions in an hour,
And for return again, can find no way.

Qu. My better Angel! fly then swift as time,
Or thought; thou 'gainst a Queen in gaining him.
But use such secresy as stoln Loves should have,
Be dark as the hush't silence of the Grave.

Ard. Madam, distrust not but that I shall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due,

Qu. Honour! a very word, an empty name:
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd,
Free as the Ayr, and boundless as the Wind:
Nature was then in her first excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny Conscience,
Mans Sacrifice was pleasure, his God, sence.

Enter Tessaphernes.

Tiss. Madam by th' Kings command I'm to you sent,
Wh' attends your Royal presence in his Tent.

Qu. I go.—— *Exeunt.* Qu. *and* Ardella.

Tiss. ——Now all is Ripe, me-thinks I see
Treason walk hand in hand with Destiny,
And both in a kind Aspect smile on me.
Now the whole Court proceeds to solemnize
The Nuptials of proud, *Alcibiades*,
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wish combine,

To

To give a happy end to my deſigne.
It is the cuſtom at a Marriage Feaſt,
The Bridegroom — [illegible]
With a full Bowl preſents his chiefeſt gueſt.
The Cup's by my great ſecreſy and care,
With ſtrongeſt potion all infected are:
Which when our *Alcibiades* ſhall bring,
And offer as his duty to the King,
The Poyſon and his ſudden death will ſeem,
Fully a Trayterous deſign in him.
Then muſt the Crown deſcend on me, and ſo
I feaſt my Rage, and my Ambition too.
Let Cowards ſpirits ſtart at Crueltie,
Remorſe has ſtill a ſtranger been to me.
I can look on their pains with the ſame eyes,
As Prieſts behold the falling Sacrifice.
Whilſt they yell out the horrour of their moans,
My heart ſhall dance to th' Muſick of their groanes. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain *of the Guards.*

Cap. Look that your care and diligence be great,
See the Guards doubled, and each Cent'nal ſet. [*Exit.*

The Scene drawn, diſcovers the Tent of a Pavilion; in it an Altar, behind which are ſeated the King and Queen attended by Tiſſaphernes, Patroclus, *and the reſt of the Camp; about the Altar ſtand ſeveral Prieſts of Hymen.*

K. Each day brings ſome ſurprize of pleaſure, here
Love vyes his Tryumphs with the God of War.

Six Prieſts of Hymen Dance.

The Dance ended, Enter chief Prieſt and Prieſteſs of Hymen; Prieſt leading Timandra, *and the Prieſteſs* Alcibiades.

Prieſt *Sings.*

Diſtracting Jealouſies and fears,
Heart-breaking ſobs and reſtleſs tears

Fly

Fly to the breasts that are
Wrack't with despair
In this,

Preist. Or this.

Cho. No tears but those of Joy, no paintings but of bliss.

Priestess. Yes, yes, by Love alone we see
On Earth the glorys of a Diety:
For 'tis the greatest work above,
To be innocent and Love.
Those then that flame so nobly here,
What Ravishing delights must they have there!

Cho. Who on Earth to their honour are just, and their Love
Must reap the chief blessings above.

Priest. Let's then proceed, and Hymens aid implore,
To joyn those hands whose hearts were link't before.

Priestess. Agreed.

Prest. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Prest. Agreed.

Cho. Hymen, Oh Hymen, come away,
Crown the wishes of this day.
See, see these pure refin'd desires,
Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch to improve their fires.

Whilst this Chorus is singing, Hymen enters with his Torch, and joyns their hands with a Wreath of Roses, which the Priestess strikes with her Spear and breaks, then they offer both parts upon the Altar.

This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, all carrying in their hands short Spears muffl'd with flowers and boughs of fruit, after which a Bowl is brought in, and presented to Alcibiades, *who immediately upon the receipt bows to the King, who descends with the Queen, and receives the Bowl of him, then speaks.*

K. To shew how strict a Reverence I have
For ev'ry thing that Loyal is, and brave, *Drawing near to* Tissaphernes.
This signal honour only due to me,
Thus *Tissaphernes* I confer on thee. *Presents him the Bowl.*

Thus *Tiſſaphernes*, I conſer on thee. [*Preſents him the Bowl.*
Tiſſ. Confuſion! what means this?
K. —Nay, do not ſtart,
It is the offering of a grateful heart:
Come drink to ſuch a depth as may expreſs
Thy wiſhes for their Joy, and *Sparta*'s happineſs.
Tiſſ. I muſt obey your Majeſty——
Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl, and ſeems to Swoun back.
Pat. Alas my Father!
K. ——How fares our worthy Friend?
Hence quickly for our chief Phyſitians ſend.
So much this Aged Hero I eſteem,
I rather could part with my Crown than him.
Tiſſ. My health Sir needs no other help than this, [*faintly.*
That you will pardon its Infirmities.
The Wine was of ſo ſtrong an Excellence,
Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my ſence.
Alarum without. Enter Officer.
Off. Dread Sir, your Camp th' *Athenian* Force Alarm's:
Without the City Gates th'appear in Arms.
And with a numerous and Warlike train,
Begin their March upon the Neighb'ring Plain.
Their bloody Enſignes all diſplay'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Ayre:
Looſly they flye, and with a Wanton play,
Seem to ſalute the Sun-beams in their way:
Whilſt their ſhrill Trumpets rattle in the skye,
As if with Muſick they'd charm Victory.
And this Triumphant Pride does higher grow,
That they may make a Conqueſt fit for You.
K. 'Tis well, ev'ry Battalia Re-inforce
With my late freſh ſupplyes of *Perſian* Horſe:
Their Fate no longer will delay endure,
Prepare to fight 'em in this very hour.
I'd have this day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory.
Shouts from afar. Enter another Officer.

2d. *off.* The Enemy Sir does on the Plain appear,
And with Re-ecchoing ſhoutings pierce the Ayr.
K. So Beaſts decreed for ſlaughter e're they fall,
With their own Bell'wings ring their Funeral.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT Third.

Scene Firſt: The Camp.

Tiſſaphernes.

Tiſſ. CUrſe on my niggard Starrs, they were ſo poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their pow'r,
My fury had begot ſo vaſt a Birth,
Fate wanted ſtrength enough to bring it forth.
Trumpets afar off ſound a Charge.
That ſprightly ſound darts fiercely through my ſoul,
Oh that *I* might one minute fate Controule;
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To ſend it ſelf into the Gen'rals heart.

Enter King *and* Queen *attended.*

K. Thus muſt proud States ſubmit when Monarchs claim:
They govern in a rude diſorder'd frame,
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But Vanquiſh at the Suns more Potent light.
Athens now feels the fury of my heat:
A pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great:
It may tumultious and num'rous ſhow,
But ne're contract to give a ſteady blow.
Qu. In States thoſe monſtrous many-headed pow'rs
Of private int'reſt publick good devours.

'Tis true, when in their hands a rule they gain,
They know to uſe that power, not maintain,
Like Pyrats in a Fleet, a while they may
Seem dreadful; but when by ſome juſter force
Oppos'd——
Each his own ſafety ſeeks, and ſhrinks away.

Tiſſ. You Sir have Vanquiſh'd Emp'rours, Fetter'd Kings:
States are ſuch mean and deſpicable things,
Compar'd with other glorys y'ave ſubdu'd,
Their Conqueſt ſeems but a ſoft Interlude.

Trumpets from far ſound a Retreat.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. This minute Sir, your Glorys are compleat,
The routed Enemy makes a faint Retreat:
Victory bluſhing, they no more could do,
With a full wing directs her flight to You.

K. Thus *Deidamia* are our wiſhes Crown'd,
Love and Renown in the ſame Sphear go round:
Our laſting Loves draw laſting Victories,
Whilſt Courage takes his flame from Beauties eyes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2d. *Meſſ.* Thus hourly Sir, freſh glorys you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
Like the ſad Ruins of a Hurricane,
Their totter'd Troops are ſcatter'd o're the Plain,
And in diſorder'd Parties make away.

K. Relate, how went the buſineſs of the Day?

Meſſ. Brave *Alcibiades* has wonders done.
Ne're greater Courage was in *Sparta* ſhown.
Troops were not able to withſtand his ſhock,
Like thunder from a Cloud his fury broke
On all his Enemies, and like that too,
Death and Amazement did attend each blow.
Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
And neither ſeem'd to move it, nor ſtand ſtill,
Till at the laſt the brave *Polyndus* fell.

His

His loſs did ſo amaze the Enemy,
That in diſorder they began to fly.
Yet brave *Theramnes* Rally'd in their head,
Though to their fate was but a while delay'd,
For by our Gen'ral he was Captive made.
And which agen they did their flight renew,
With numbers too ſo totter'd and ſo few,
It had been Barbariſm to purſue.
Thus fair *Timandra*, who from far had been
An anxious looker on this Tragick Scene,
With all the haſt Joy could, or love afford,
Flies to congratulate her Conqu'ring Lord;
Now both in ſolemn Triumph this way move,
To Crown your Glorys as you Crown'd their Love.

Trumpets. Enter Alcibiades, Patroclus, Timandra *and* Theramnes *Priſoner*: Alcibiades *kneels to the* King.

K. Sir, of your brav'ry I've already heard,
So much above the power of Reward;
It were but juſt that *I* ſhould homage do,
And offer up acknowledgments to you.
Riſe Sir, and give this Ceremony o're,
The poſture ill becomes a Conquerour. [Alcib. *riſes.*

Alcib. Conqu'rours that are Triumphant in the Field,
Muſt at their Monarchs feet their Trophies yield;
For all thoſe glorys which their Conqueſts claim,
They only have ſubordinate from them.
Thus, though my Sword this Captive has o'recome,
It is from You he muſt expect his Doom.

Th. Yes, and in this you have o'recome him too,
He cannot talk Sir half ſo faſt as you.
Curſe, though I am your Priſoner, I hate
To hear your pride upbraid me with my Fate.

Alcib. Why Sir, was't not my favour that you live?

Th. No; for *I* hate that Life your hand did give.
Know, had your Fate been mine ——
I ſhould have urg'd kind deſtiny more home,
And there have Revell'd Rival in your room.

Alcib.

Alcib. Sir, for your Love, you ſhew but weak pretence,
When all your Arguments is Inſolence.
Whence does it ſpring?

The. — From whence your bliſs you draw,
Love, that ne're clog'd his Proſelytes with Law.
I lov'd this fair one firſt, and you muſt know
I'l love her ſtill; And what's all that to you?

Alcib. This Rudeneſs Sir, my fury can't Engage,
You are ill-manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

The. But know, I'l follow ſtill my hate to thee;
Nor ſhall my Chains obſtruct thy deſtiny:
Thou did'ſt ſupplant me in *Timandra*'s Love,
For which I gave thy glorys a remove;
And on thy Ruins made my ſelf more great:
But ſince my wiſhes Fate would not compleat,
My Fury with my Fortune ſhan't decreaſe,
I'l ſtill purſue thy Life and happineſs:
By all deſpaires dark arts thy fall deſign,
Till in thy blood I write *Timandra* mine.

Alcib. Rave on; know of your threats no ſence I feel,
I'd laugh at 'em, wer't not to looſe a ſmile.

K. But I'l take care that he ſhall better know,
What 'tis a Captive for his life does owe.
How dare you offer here theſe Injuries?
Know you how much this gallant man I prize?
Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,
Be his Bounds narrow, and reſtraint ſevere,
Since in your breaſt ſuch a hot frenzy reigns,
We'l try how you can brave it in your Chains.

Th. So King, as Thou ſhalt envy what Th'as done,
I have a ſoul can ſmile when Thou doſt frown.
Whilſt I *Timandras* fair Idea wear,
I can't want freedom, for I'l think of her. *Exit Guarded.*

K. Thus Madam, to your Eyes muſt Conqueſt bow,
Who are your Slaves no other Fetters know.

Tim. If any charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there:
No greater aymes, nor more Ambition know,
Then how Sir to obliege him that ſerves you. *Alcib.*

Alcib. Your gen'rous pity to our faithful flames,
That power which it gave 'em juſtly claimes.
Thus happy by your great indulgence made,
In Joyes ſo perfect, nothing can Remove,
Your ſpreading gloryes ne're ſhall ſhrink or fade;
Till you forget to aſpire, and we to love.
But how dare I Uſurp the leaſt pretence,
Who only borrow all my Lawrells hence! [*pointing to* Patr.
This is that noble Youth, who, when I ſtood
Beſet on every ſide with death and blood:
To my relief ſuch gen'rous ſuccour brought,
And things ſo much above ev'n wonder wrought.
Pat. You, Sir, that taught me friendſhip, taught me too,
How much is to that Sacred title due.
No Sir, if your Life at hazard lye,
Though thouſand deaths ſhould dare me on I'l fly,
And Conquer all, or bravely with you dye.
Alcib. In gallantry you are ſo abſolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the purſuit.
Yet that return accept in ſilence here,
Which is ſo great 'twill no expreſſion bear, [*Embraces him.*
Tiſſ. Hell! Sure my blood is grown degenerate.
Can this my Son Embrace the man I hate? [*Aſide.*
K. How *Tiſſaphernes*, is thy good age bleſt
In ſuch a Son, of ſuch a friend poſſeſt?
Thus from thy Rev'rend Trunk freſh glories ſpread,
And with their pious Lawrels ſhade thy head.
Tiſſ. In this warm Comfort patiently I'l ſit,
Till Fate ſhall come and claim her lateſt debt.
Sometimes my Youths paſt Triumphs I'l review,
And pleaſe my ſelf they are approv'd by you:
Alas I've nothing elſe left now to do. [*Ironically.*
Oh my dear Boy! Sir, be my Joy thus ſhowne,
Poſſeſs the Father as you've gain'd the Son. [*Embraces both.*
K. Monarchs thus propt, the ſhocks of Fate defie,
No bonds ſo firm as thoſe which Friendſhip tye.
[*Exit* King *attended*, Manent, Alcibiades, Timandra *and* Draxilla.

Alcib.

Alcib. Now nobleſt Siſter, how ſhall be repayd
Thoſe large endearments which your love has made.
Our happineſs will but Imperfect prove,
If midſt the growing pleaſures of our love,
We nothing elſe ingratitude can do,
Then only with a happineſs to you.

Deax. What I have done Sir, never had regard,
To that Siniſter thing we call Reward.
Good deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence.

Alcib. But Siſter, if I might one Queſtion move;

Drax. Your pleaſure Sir?------

Alcib. ----Could you not Madam-----Love?
The Friend in whom I'm happy ſince I came,
In honour's as renown'd as in his name.
He, when I to him often would Relate
The ſad adventures of my love and fate;
So much your gallant Friendſhip did admire:
That with your Character he grew on fire;
And bears a flame ſo noble and ſublime,
As not to love agen would be a crime.

Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now diſcourſe,
Love rarely Conquers with a ſudden force.
Nor muſt I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a Complement to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it gallantry, not Love.

Alcib. I ſhall no more your modeſty offend.
Pardon a forward Zeal to ſerve my Friend.
But if ought add a bleſſing, 'twill to ſee
You made as happy as you have made me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and* Patroclus.

Tiſſ. D'you underſtand, *Patroclus*, what y'ave done?
Have you conſider'd that you are my Son?

Patr. Sir, 'tis a title I am proud of.——

Tiſſ. How can you then deſcend to things ſo baſe,
That blot my Glory, and my Name deface?
Whilſt thus your blinded folly ſo adores,
The only Traytor that my ſoul abhorrs? *Petr.*

Patr. How Sir, I doat upon the man you hate!
No, I had never thoughts ſo impious yet.
By all my hopes, if any wretch there be
S' unhappy to be held your enemy,
Rather then in my Breaſt his image bear,
I'd raze it from my heart, or ſtab it there.
Tiſſ. Stay leaſt you ſhould pronounce too raſh a doom:
Believe it is a blow will wound you home.
But I will try——
What gen'rous reſolution you expreſs,
Know then you muſt hate *Alcibiades.*
Patr. Protect me heav'n! can you command that?
Should break that knot you did ſo lately tye!
Was't not your love that did our friendſhip joyn?
Did not your kind imbraces ſecond mine?
Tiſſ. Embraces! Love! and kindneſs! what are theſe?
The outward varniſh that our hearts diſguiſe.
Haſt thou ſo long with Courts converſant been,
The various turns of power and greatneſs ſeen,
And haſt thou not this miſtery yet found,
Always to ſmile in's face we mean to wound?
Come you muſt hate him, nay and kill him too.
Patr. Oh let me rather beg my death from you.
Can you command me Sir to wound a heart,
Whereof I do profeſs ſo great a part?
In that I ſhould prove a ſelf-murderer:
Peircing his Breaſt I ſtab m' own image there.
Tiſſ. Come lay theſe idle boyiſh ſcruples down,
Do as becomes your Vertue and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my place,
And turning all my honours to diſgrace.
And can you of ſo little value prize
The honour of your blood, not to ſhed his?
Patr. Oh Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theam,
'Twill blaſt your gloryes and your wreathes defame.

Do but look on that life you would deſtroy,
See if it ben't as ſpotleſs and ſerene
As that which in their heav'n bleſt Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch't but with a thought of ſin.
By all th' endearments of a filial love, [*kneels.*
And if that charm cannot your pitty move,
By my dear Mothers ghoſt, whoſe dying pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief treaſure to your care,
This unjuſt cruel enmity lay down,
And do not in his friend deſtroy your Son.
On the paſt brav'ry of your youth look back,
There the bright paths of all your Triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be thoſe glories to exchange,
For a baſe brutal infamous revenge.
Oh Sir recal, recal the dire decree,
Tis ſuch a deed as fate will ſhrink to ſee.

Tiſſ. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
Give this unmanly Childiſh pitty o're,
Or ne're preſume to call me Father more.

Patr. Then ſee how I reſigne that int'reſt here: [*riſes.*
Thus all the bonds of duty cancel'd are.
Whilſt ſuch black horrours in your ſoul I ſee,
Y'are not my Father, but my enemy.
Now againſt me let all your vengeance come,
Thus thus my breaſt for your revenge has room.
Brave *Alcibiades.* ——
No, ſince ſuch barbarous miſchiefs you dare do,
I'l dye for him, but ſcorn to live for you.
Why don't you ſtrike Sir? is your rage grown faint?

Tiſſ. I fear I've too much trifl'd with this boy;
Curſe on his honour, 'twill my hopes deſtroy.
But I'l ſmooth all in time. Oh my dear Son,
Now art thou worthy to be cal'd my own.
None but a heart that's truly noble cou'd
Ever deſerve a Title to my blood.

No, may ye both in your brave friendſhip be
As truly happy, as I am in thee.
That's curſt. —— [*aſide*

Patr. Is then my father kind? can he approve
Our friendſhip? does he once more crown our love?
Oh Sir, let thus m' acknowledgment be giv'n,
As we for bleſſings offer thanks to heav'n. [*kneels.*

Tiſſ. Riſe, riſe thou comfort of my Age, I now
Have underſtood all I could wiſh to know.
Alas, in this diſguiſe I did but try
The ſtrength and vertue of thy conſtancy.
'Tis a refreſhment to this heavy head,
To prove that vertue which my ſelf have bred.
Thus bleſt in peace I'l to my Grave deſcend.
As the declining Sun goes down at night,
Pleas'd with the riſing of an off-ſpring light.

Patr. Such myſtick wayes fate does our loves confirm,
As rooted Trees ſtand faſter by a ſtorm.
After this ſhock our friendſhip's more ſecure,
As Gold try'd in the fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*

Tiſſ. There's ſome foundation yet for my deſign;
The Captiv's brave, I'l try to make him mine.
Unwearied I will let my fury range,
And leave no heart unſearcht to find revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE a dark Tent.

Theramnes in Chains.

The. How ſweet a quietude's in fetters found!
That it ſeems almoſt freedom to be bound.
Though thus confin'd, my agile thoughts may fly
Through all the Region of variety.
Here in a trice I can the World run o're,
And finiſh whole years labours in an hour.

But oh my Miſtreſs! my *Timandra* loſt!
That is the only bitterneſs I taſte.
This outward fetter but my Body chains,
But that the freedom of my Soul detains.
Why by my Rivals Sword did I not fall;
So bravely have embrac'd one death for all?
Yet why ſhould I court ſuch an abject fate?
Courage is the ſupporter of the great.
Methinks I've ſomething yet to do, might prove
Becoming both my courage and my love.
I'l —— hah this does my buſie thoughts prevent. [*Enter* Tiſſ.
Is that old friend for a Tormenter ſent?
Good Sir, upon what meſſage are you come?
Am I then deſtin'd to ſome harder doom?
Tiſſ. No, I am come to give yourſorrows eaſe:
I know you hate Sir *Alcibiades*:
Nay and I know you love *Timandra* too.
The. Well Sir, all this I know as well as you.
Tiſſ. Come if you dare be brave, be't on this theam:
Dare you Sir raviſh her and murder him?
The. For what dark ends do you this queſtion bring?
Dare! 'sdeath, old Sir, I dare do any thing.
Tiſſ. That word then all my former doubts ſecures,
Be only reſ'lute, and *Timandra's* yours.
My ſtratagems ſo ſubtly I will lay,
That to your arms your Miſtreſs I'l betray.
Thus then, as the firſt ſtep to our deſign,
Your guards I'l with adulterated wine
Secure; ſo they Charm'd in a Lethargy,
I'l from your bonds and priſon ſet you free.
Then when ſome happy moment ſhall preſent
Timandra left ungarded in her tent,
Both of us thither in diſguiſe will move,
To end your rival and compleat your love.
For when your fill of bliſs you have enjoy'd,
And your full pleaſures with themſelves are cloy'd:

I thither will alar'm our enemy,
Where by both Swords he ſhall be ſure to dye.
And the next night (the watch-word given by me)
You may, ſcape through the Guards to liberty.
The. Revenge! my love enjoy'd, and freedom too!
Then in the name of *Pluto* be it ſo.
What ſtupid ignorance the World poſſeſt,
That only fury plac't i'th' youthful breaſt!
No 'tis in age alone great Spirits are young:
The Soul's but infant when the Body's ſtrong.
Theſe hoary heads like griſly Comets are,
Which always threaten ruin death and war.
Tiſſ. Alas ſuch tame Souls know but half a growth,
I'l make my age a ſtep to a new youth:
Such murders and ſuch cruelties maintain,
I'l from the blood I ſhed grow young again.
The. Let's in the name of horrour then go on;
Methinks I long to have the bus'neſs done:
Something like Conſcience elſe may all defeat,
You know Sir I'm but a raw villain yet.
Tiſſ. Conſcience! a trick of State, found out by thoſe
That wanted power to ſupport their Laws;
A bug-bear name to ſtartle fools, but we
That know the weakneſs of the fallacie,
Know better how to uſe what nature gave.
That Soul's no Soul which to it ſelf's a ſlave.
Who any thing for Conſcience ſake deny,
Do nothing elſe but give themſelves the lye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Camp.

Enter Patroclus *and* Draxilla.

Patr. Why Madam do you fly a lovers pray'r?
Is cruelty the priviledge o'th' fair?

Drax

Drax. You cannot Sir i'th' Camp be beauties slave,
Where honour's th' only Mistress of the brave.
Patr. But 'tis a rugged honour got in Arms,
When not made soft by beauties sweeter charms.
That melts our rage into a kind desire,
Whilst love refines it in his purer fire.
Drax. Lovers whose flights so sublime pitches choose,
Oft soar too high, and so their quarry loose.
But you Sir know to moderate your height,
Missing your game can eas'ly slack the flight.
Patr. Such faint essays may fit a common flame,
But my desires have a far nobler Aime,
Religious honour, and a zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that Deity to which I sue.
Drax. Those who to deities their offerings pay,
Make their addresses in an humbler way.
Not in a confidence of what they give,
But modest hopes of what they shall receive.
Patr. I in my offerings no assurance have,
Though an ambition to become your slave.
Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place,
You'l still be looking for some acts of grace.
Patr. Some little favours pitty can't deny,
You are too noble to use cruelty.
Drax. See Sir the Queen, I beg you Sir forbear. [*Exeunt.*
Patr. Madam this way ——

Enter Queen *and* Ardella.

Qu. Did he then suffer no surprize? no shew
Of alteration? let's the progress know.
Ard. In order Madam t'your command I went,
And met him coming from the Royal Tent:
Where after th' usual Ceremonies past,
E're I would feast I gave him first a taste,
Told him how much his courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean path of glory mov'd,

Who

Who in his Arms had ſo ſucceſsful been,
T'engage a Monarch and oblige a Queen.
Then nearer came, and whiſper'd ſomething more,
Began to intimate loves mighty pow'r.
He briskly took the hint, and readily
Began to urge ſome pretty things to me.
By which encourag'd I to th' buſineſs drew,
Told him in fine it only was his due
To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.
Qu. And did not then his alter'd looks betray
Some extaſie? ſome marks of lively joy?
Ard. No Madam, he knew better policy,
Talk't of your honour, and his loyalty,
Fine ſmoothing terms to cloak a paſſion in.
But if your Majeſty ——
Qu. —— What? ——
Ard. —— Had but ſeen
How much his carriage did his words deceive,
When with a gentle ſigh he took his leave,
As if he languiſh'd till the minute came.
Qu. Doſt thou then think he entertains my flame?
Lets to my Tent and wait his coming there,
Such ſwarms of love within my Breaſt there are,
The heat's too furious for my Soul to bear.
What would I give but for a taſte of bliſs!
Oh the choice ſweets of a ſtol'n happineſs?

ACT.

Act IV. Scene I.

Alcibiades *Solus.*

Alci. UNder what fatal Planet was I born!
Sure at my birth the Heavens themſelves did mourn.
Disjoynted nature did her courſe forbear,
And held within her Womb a civil War.
I who but now did fame and Conqueſt bring,
And added to the glories of a King,
Muſt ſee my Trophyes all thrown down agen,
By the baſe paſſions of a luſtful Queen.
Why was I not born to a common fate,
Free from the glorious troubles of the great,
So in ſome humble Cell my years have ſpent,
Bleſt with a private peaceable content.
The vulgar mortal feels not fortunes harms,
The higheſt ſtructures ſtill are ſhook with ſtorms.
See too ſhe's here; what ſhall I do or ſpeak?
Fate has beſet me, and I've no way to take.

Enter Queen.

Qu. My Lord you ſomething diſcompos'd appear,
Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.
Alci. Majeſty Madam is a thing divine.
Qu. If that diſturb you Sir, I'le lay by mine.
Methinks I apprehend a greater pride,
To view the man whoſe glories ſpread ſo wide.
Alci. Madam you on 'em ſet too high a price.
Qu. Perhaps I ſee not Sir with common eyes.
They beſt of honour judge that honour have.
I find a ſecret in me ſays y'are brave.
You need not Sir unfold it, you can gueſs,
Alci. How craftily ſhe would her luſt expreſs,
And ſet her ills off with a winning dreſs.

What's

What's to be done, which way ſhall I conclude?
I muſt abuſe my King, or muſt be rude.
I cannot ſpeak ——
Qu. —— My Lord! let's ſit a while,
Won't you vouchſafe your viſitant a ſmile?
Alci. Smiles Madam were too inſolent a joy.
Qu. Fye! put theſe formal complements away,
Ardella ſing that Song I heard to day.

SONG.

The brighteſt Goddeſs of the Sky,
How did ſhe panting ſighing lye,
And languiſhing deſire to dye!
For the Triumphant God of war,
Amidſt his Trophies did appear,
As charming rough as ſhe was fair.

2.

Their loves were bleſt, they had a Son,
The little Cupid, who has ſhown
More conqueſt then his Sire e're won.
He grew the mightieſt God above,
By which we him a Rebel prove
To heav'n, that dares be ſo to Love.

3.

How ſoft the delights, and how charming the joy,
Where love and injoyment each other ſupport!
Let the Cynical fool call pleaſure a toy,
Who ne're fame i'th' Camp had, nor love in the Court:
O ſo kindly the Combates each other ſucceed,
Where 'tis Triumph to dye, and a Pleaſure to bleed.

Alci. The Air is charming.
Qu. —— Retire. [*Exit* Ardella.
No lively Symptoms of a growing fire!
I'l urge him further ——

My Lord, your hand; how beats your pulse? I fear
Y'are ill; Cold drops upon your brows appear;
I'l wipe 'em off, come Sir, your fears remove,
You need not blush to tell me that you love.
I'l do it for you, nay I must will do,
Blush for my self to own I blush for you.
Sure this will take; what does your wonder mean,
Is love so strange? —— *angerly.*
Alci. —— Oh name that agen, *mildly.*
Could you such wrong to royal *Agis* do?
Think what's to heav'n and to your vertue due.
Qu. Must I be hated then? and Sir by you?
Pish, why d'you talk of heav'n and vertue now?
Alci. Not new-made mothers to their infants bear
A firmer passion, or a tend'rer care.
Show me yours or your honours enemy,
See with what vigour t'your revenge I'le fly.
For you with life I willingly could part,
But whilst that lasts, *Timandra* has my heart.
Qu. The heavy pleasures of the marriage Bed,
Dull repetition soon will render dead.
Taste fresher joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old pleasures may seem gay and new.
Alci. Could I expect to have such language heard,
Where beauty and such innocence appear'd?
Qu. Can you my little beauty then approve,
And is't so difficult a thing to love?
Alci. Love Madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I shall no need be woo'd,
I'le love you as the Sister of my blood.
Qu. A Sister loves a dull insipid bliss,
So little we can hardly name what 'tis.
Where is the transport, extasie, delight,
'Tis like thin meat to a sharp appetite. —— *Retire.*
Alci. I know y'are beauteous as the dawning morn,
Your beams the lustre of a King adorn, ——

That King whoſe piety me happy made,
And can I in return profane his bed?
Though Madam I've liv'd free, and never ſet
Limits to any thing we call delight,
Yet raiſe not new rebellions in blood:
Beauty hath darts too keen to be withſtood.

Qu. Yet all its power has no force o're you,
Your cruel heart's immoveable, but know
'Twill to your honour be but ill apply'd,
That for your love a Queen, neglected, dy'd.

Alci. What is't your majeſty would have me do?

Qu. Are you ſo ignorant that you don't know?

Alci. Death, not to have ſome ſenſe were to unman
My ſelf; but I'le be conqu'rour if I can.
Should I be made a captive to her charms,
Er'e I am warm in my *Timandra's* arms?
One ſtratagem I'le for my freedom try,
Madam no longer I'le your pow'r deny, [*to the Queen.*
For if theſe eyes had ne're *Timandra* known,
You only might have call'd my heart your own.
But whilſt with her I enjoy love, and life,
And you remain the mighty *Agis* wife;
Know this is all I can in juſtice do,
I'm ready on your leaſt commands, to ſhew
I live for her; but yet could dye for you.

Qu. Muſt I then only border upon bliſs?
Reſt on the confines of my happineſs?
As Souls that are excluded heav'n for ſin,
See all its glories, but can't enter in.

Alci. No Madam; free from the dull clogs of ſenſe,
We'l reap delights of nobler excellence.
Our entwin'd Souls each other ſhall enjoy,
Tread vertues paths, and never looſe their way.
But if one in his motion chance to err,
Strait regulate it by the other's ſphear:

—— Till at the last,
When the short Zodiack of this life w'ave past;
With new imp't Zeal beyond the Stars wee'l fly,
There meet, and mingle to a Deity.

Qu. Then to all hopes of happiness adieu,
Since my chief bliss I've lost in loosing you.
Oh the Tyrannick cruelty of fate,
That lets us know our happiness too late.
Yet why shou'd I to fears and sorrows bend,
If only on their fate my hopes depend?
A Rival, and a King, I may remove:
There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit Queen.*

Alci. She's gone.
Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our Souls,
The wise mans fetter, and the range of fools!
Who is't wou'd count thee if he knew thy ills?
He who the greatest heap of Honour piles,
Does nothing else but build a dang'rous shelf,
Or erect Mountains to o'rewhelm himself. [*Exit.*

Scene a Grove adjoyning to the Camp.

Enter Tissaphernes *and* Theramnes *disguis'd.*

Tiss. Now Sir y'are free, and prosperously move,
To reap the long wisht harvest of your love.
One minute and y'are in *Timandra's* arms,
New fetter'd in the power of her Charms:
Methinks the thought ev'n my old blood Alarms.

The. His rage sure works him to an extasie:
How the old Monster hugs his villany!
Good Sir dispatch, I cannot brook delay;
I wast in expectation of my joy.
But heark, did you not hear a murmuring talk?

Tiss. Perhaps 'tis she come in this Grove to walk:
Stay here they are, by heav'n the same, 'tis she. [*They go to the door.*
Retreat a while; blest opportunity. *Enter*

Enter Timandra *with a Book in her hand, and* Draxilla.

Tim. Methinks *Draxilla* when *Atlanta* ran,
And ſlaughter was the only prize ſhe wan;
Her power a too cruel rigour bore,
To kill thoſe ſhe had wounded ſo before.

[Theramnes *throws off his diſguiſe.*

The. Then Madam be not guilty of her ill:
Me the poor wretch y'ave wounded do not kill.
Ah in your heart, if ſuch a ſence there be
Of the injuſtice of her cruelty;
How much more pitty from your breaſt is due
To him, who ev'ry minute dyes for you!

Tim. My Lord *Theramnes!* by what lucky hap
Have you from guards and priſon made eſcape?

The. Who wears your ſacred image in your breaſt,
Is of ſuch pure *D*ivinity poſſeſt,
And from ignoble bondage ſo ſecure,
That feeble chains fall off, and looſe their pow'r.

Tim. Then Sir in your intended flight make haſte,
Leaſt by ſome fatal chance y'are once more loſt.

The. No, I enjoy a nobler ſafety here;
No danger dares approach when you are near.
Theſe Groves to lovers bliſs are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil outrages of fate.
Come, let's to ſomething like delight draw nigh,
And looſe our ſelves a while in extaſie. [*ſeizes roughly on her.*

Tim. Guard me ye powers! *Draxilla* help! my Lord!

Tiſ. Good gentle Madam, if you pleaſe one word.

[Draxilla *runs out crying help, and*
(Tiſſaphernes *after her.*

The. I cannot ſee my Rival bleſt alone;
Muſt he reap all the ſweets, and I have none?

Tim. This outrage on my knees I beg forbear:
See Sir it is *Timandra* ſheds a tear. [Tiſ. *returns.*
Her whom you vowd you lov'd with noble flame,
Oh do'nt by ſavage luſt prophane that name!

If 'tis the envy of your Rivals joy,
Remove, remove th' offence ſome other way;
Save but my honour, and my life deſtroy.
The. Such tenderneſs might cool anothers blood;
But I am too unhappy to be good.
Let vertue to dull Anchorites repair,
Who ne're had Soul enough to know deſpair.
I'le baniſh the encroacher from my breaſt,
And ſhake him off e're he take hold too faſt.
Come let's retire within this covert by;
I am impatient, and my blood boyls high.
Tim. I will not go, I'le dye a Martyr here.
The. Then I muſt drag you.
Tim. —— Barb'rous Raviſher!
Oh! Oh! ——
Enter Alcibiades.
Alci. — Did I not hear a tender cry!
Oh Heavens! turn baſe hell-hound, turn and dye. [*draws.*
The. That Sir will thus be better underſtood. [*draws.*
Tiſſ. Y'ave undertook Sir more then you'l make good. [*draws.*
[*They both make at him.*
Enter Patroclus.
Patr. How's this; aſſaulted! and by ſuch baſe odds!
Courage my freind! ——
After a fierce fight between Alcibiades *and* Theramnes, Patroclus *and* Tiſſaphernes, Patroclus *drives his Father off the Stage, and* Alcibiades *runs* Theramnes *through.*
Alci. —— To the accurſt abodes
Of tortur'd Souls that in dark horrour dwell,
Thus fly, and to thy fellow Devils tell,
It was my Sword that ſent thy ſoul to hell.
The. Hold Sir, enough, I muſt your victim fall,
Though an atonement for my ſin too ſmall.
My haſty Soul can make no longer ſtay,
Death touls his leaden Bell, and calls away.
And now, like ſome ſad trav'ler, taking view
Of the long Journey that I have to go,

Whilſt

Whilſt I my thoughts to heav'ns ſweet manſions bend,
Without your mercy no admittance find.
Oh but one word of pardon e're I dye,
Secure of that, my Souls dares boldly fly.
Abſolv'd by you, it muſt have welcome there,
As incenſe that is offer'd up with pray'r.
Tim. My pardon and my prayers too receive,
More then your guilt could ask me I could give.
Be happy as your penitence is true;
And may kind heav'n forgive you as I do: [*weeps.*
The. Ah! can your piety vouchſafe a tear
Of pitty, on an impious Raviſher!
My Soul will leave me in an extaſie:
And I ſhall want the ſenſe to know I dye.
Thus, pure Divinity, at your feet I bow,
Here 'tis my Soul would make her lateſt ſtay:
Nor can ſhe ——
Beginning hence her journey miſs the way.
But I'd forgot; beware of —— [*Dyes.*
Alci. —— Who can fear
That is ſecur'd by charms ſo pow'rful here?
Within theſe ſphears my Guardian Angels move;
Theſe are my ſeats of ſafety, as of love.
Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themſelves; I fear more miſchief may depend
On this diſaſter. ——

Enter Patroclus.

Alci. So when a ſtorm's blown o're,
And a calm Breeze has ſmooth'd the rugged deep,
The joyful Mariners can fear no more:
But thus imbrace and lull their cares aſleep [*Embraces him.*
Welcome my lifes Protectour and only freind.
Hah! what does that ſad look, and ſigh intend?
Are you Sir wounded? ——
Patr. Yes too deep I fear.
Alci. Forbid it Heav'n; where is't?

Patr.

Patr. —— Oh here Sir, here,
My Soul is pierc't, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where,
Your freind! ah let that Title be no more,
Behold me as a wretch forlorn, and poor.
Imagine ev'ry form of misery;
And when y'ave sum'd up all, then look on me.

Alci. Now some blest Angel to my Soul reveal
This doubt; can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
Ah kind *Patroclus* this sad silence break.

Patr. Oh Sir you must not hear, nor must I speak.
Paint out black horrour in its deepest dread,
And troops of Murders hov'ring o're your head,
And when that hideous Masque of Hell you see,
Think if you can that they came all from me.

Alci. Confusion! how my thoughts begin to start!
A new unwonted heat has seiz'd my heart,
Something unruly, that would fain get place,
But I'le subdu't, —— be free, kind friend, alas!
Force me not wrong our freindship and your worth.

Patr. That charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth.
But oh it must not, duty does forbid:
Yet what's my duty if my honour bleed?
Know then, —— now that this stubborn heart would break!
My cruel Father —— oh I dare not speak.

Alci. Hah!

Patr. —— Led by some blind mistaking jealousie,
Heaps treasons upon you and shame on me.
It was by him *Theramnes* made escape,
And 'twas he back't him in this impious rape.
But oh no more, shame does my words suppress,
Yet think what he will do that durst do this.
I'l go and try if his rage can stay:
I may divert the stream another way. [*Exit* Patro.

Alci. Kind youth; I cannot fear thy Fathers hate:
He sells his honour at too cheap a rate.
What have I done that could be call'd a wrong?
No I've a guard of innocence too strong; Whilst

Whilſt I unſpotted that and friendſhip bear,
No danger is ſo great that I need fear.
Tim. Yet be not Sir regardleſs of my fears;
Some pity have of theſe ſad ſighs, and tears.
Whither oh whither, would your raſhneſs lead;
To urge a ruine level'd at your head?
Let us ——
To ſome receſs that's ſafe and humble go,
Timandra can bear any thing with you.
Let int'reſt the unfix'd and wav'ring ſway,
With us ——
Love ſhall ſupply what fortune takes away.
Alci. Sure 'tis not my *Timandra's* voice I hear,
She ne're had cauſe to think that I could fear.
Have I ſo many dangers over-paſt,
Poorly to ſhrink from villany at laſt?
No, with my innocence I'le brave his hate,
And meet it in a free undaunted ſtate;
See all with ſmiles, as fearleſs, and as gay,
As Infants unconcern'd at dangers, play.
Tim. Then I'le perform what to my love is due;
Unſteady doubts be gone, blind fears adeiu.
I were unworthy of the heart you gave,
Were I then you leſs faithful, or leſs brave.
And of my courage too this proof I'le give,
When you dare meet a death, I'le ſcorn to live,
Nor longer be a vaſſal to my fear;
Wee'l in each others chance a portion bear:
So fate has thus at leaſt ſome kindneſs ſhown,
Neither can wretches be, nor bleſt alone. [*Exeunt.*

Scene the Camp.

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and* four Villains.

Tiſſ. Is't done? ——
1 *Vil.* Sir to a point your will's fulfil'd;
Theramne's guards as they lay drunk we kil'd.
Draxilla too, by th' ambuſh you had lay'd

For your retreat, was on her flight betray'd.

Tiſſ. Next, as from me, be there a meſſage ſent,
To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;
In's paſſage thither you may ſeize him, ſo
Convey him to the Cave ——

1 *Vil.* —— My Lord, we go.

Tiſſ. Ye are the beſt of Rogues; but diſappear: [*Ex.* 3. *Vill.*
You know your buſ'neſs: So the King is here.

Enter King *and* Queen *Attended.*

K. Lead to the Grove ——

Tiſſ. Oh Sir, there's Treaſon in the Camp, retreat,
But now the Guards I in confuſion met,
Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld,
The late *Athenian* Captive General kill'd.
That little breath he had left h'employ'd to ſhew
His honour, and his Gallantry to you:
Treaſons ſo ſtrange and horrid did relate,
As would ſeem almoſt Treaſon to repeat.
But Sir you have no longer ſafety here:
Secure your ſelf, and leave all to my care.

K. No more, you know not what you urge me to:
Secure my ſelf! am I a King, or no?
That Monarch who when danger's near, ſits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne.
The beſt ſecurities in courage are,
We but ſubſcribe to Treaſons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold Traytor know,
To ſtem the torrent I my ſelf will go:
In ſtate I'le meet the fond Capricious wretch,
And dare him with that Crown which he would ſnatch.

Tiſſ. Alas dread Sir, force me not to declare
The name, would wound your ſacred breaſt to hear.
I in reviling honour ſhould offend:
He once was noble Sir, and call'd me friend.

K. How Sir your friend! and Traytor to my Crown!
Reveal him, or his Treaſons are your own.

Tiſſ. Alaſs, but muſt I! —— 'tis ſo foul a deed,

I

I cann[illegible]ſpeak.

K. Hell Sir; d'ye play? proceed.

Tiſſ. Then to be ſhort, he you ſo lately ſtrove
T'engage in all the firmeſt tyes of love,
He whom you almoſt had from nothing rais'd,
And on the higheſt ſeats of honour plac'd;
Has thence this uſe of all your favours ſhown,
To make 'em ſteps to mount into your Throne.

K. Defend me! what do I hear! ——
Sir you have rais'd a tumult in my breaſt,
Which will not be ſo ſuddenly appeas'd:
By Heav'ns ſee all that you inform be true,
Or may all torments which to th' damn'd are due
Light on me, if inflicted not on you.
The brave *Athenian* falſe! it cannot be:
His Soul ne're dreamt of ſuch impiety.

Tiſſ. Sir y'are unkind if you ſuſpect me falſe,
I never yet abus'd your ears with tales.
Had I ſuch myſtick Policy purſu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier underſtood.

K. Alas dear friend miſconſtrue not my Zeal,
Weigh not my Paſſions in nice Reaſons Scale.
Who wou'd believe a King ſhould blindly place
His love ſo firmly, for returns ſo baſe?
Wrack me no more, but the dark ſcruple clear:
My Souls in a Convulſion till I hear.

Tiſſ. Yes Sir, 'tis he, and thus his Plots were lay'd.
Th' account I from the dying Captive had;
Whom he with liberty had brib'd, to joyn
With him in this his Treacherous deſign,
This night wi'th' enemy your Camp t'envade,
On promiſe it ſhould be by him betray'd.
Which when the Gallant Captive did diſdain,
He was to Combat dar'd, and by him ſlain.
If you inſiſt on farther evidence,
Theramne's murder'd Guards enough convince.

Hence you may farther confirmation have.

K. Be bold; ſpeak what thou knowſt. ——

4 *Vil.* —— When to relieve
The Captives Guards, I by command was ſent,
I found e'm murder'd at th' door o'th' Tent.
In one of e'm ſome life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our General ſlain,
'Cauſe they *Theramnes* freedom had deny'd.
More he had ſaid, but at theſe words he dy'd.

K. It was enough. Treaſon, how dark art thou?
In ſhapes more various then e're *Proteus* knew.
By Heav'n I'le make him baſe, deſpis'd, and poor,
More wretched then e're Monſter was before.
Naked, and ſtript of all his dignities,
I'le lay his odious Crimes before his eyes.
Then when his mind is lab'ring with regret,
To make his infamy the more compleat;
Some common ſlave ſhall on him juſtice do,
And ſend his Soul among the damn'd below.
Guard wait on him —— [*to* Tiſſaphernes.
Go ere' my love return, and I repent,
And ſeize upon the Traytor in his Tent.
A ſpeedy vengeance beſt befits this wrong,
'Twere too much mercy to delay it long.

Enter Alcibiades *and* Timandra.

Alci. This way's the King?

Tiſſ. He's here leapt into th' net.
Thus Sir the King ſalutes you. [*Guards ſeize* Alci.

Alci. Slaves retreat.

Tim. Alas my Lord!

Tiſſ. —— Sir 'tis the command.
The leaſt of 'em I never durſt withſtand,

Tim. But Sir what meaning can this uſage bear?

Tiſſ. The King Sir quickly all your doubts will clear.

K. Away with him, thou Poyſon to my eyes.

Alci. The baſeſt wretch not unconvicted dyes.

Sir

Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,
Unworthy of my honour or your Crown.
If in your cauſe who'd ſpend his deareſt blood,
As is to be your meaneſt Vaſſal, proud,
No greater welfare then in yours does know,
If he be an offender, I am ſo.

K. How cunningly he would ſeem innocent,
And guild with flattery his foul intent!
Thus Traytours in their fall are like the Sun,
Who ſtill looks faireſt at his going down.
'Sdeath Sir, do you believe me Child, or fool,
Whom ev'ry fawning word, or toy can rule?
By Heav'n I'le let you ſee Sir your miſtake;
Hence with the Traytour quickly to the wrack.

Alci. Sir, hear me ſpeak.

K. What is't that you can ſay,
Who would my Crown and your own truſt betray?
When you from Priſon ſet the Captive free,
Baſely to win him to your Treachery:
Whom, when on him your plots could nothing do,
You kill'd, 'cauſe he more honour had then you.

Alci. By all above Sir I am innocent;
I ne're knew what the thought of Treaſon meant.
But know from whence this jealouſie you drew,
From him that hates me, and abuſes you:
Theramnes had his liberty from hence; [*to* Tiſſapher.
And for deſigns ſo baſe. ——

Tiſſ. —— Oh impudence!
To what prodigious height will treaſon climb!
Dare you Sir charge me with your heavy crime?
Old as I am, my Sword ſhould do me right.
But ——

Alci. —— Monſter hence, and them that fear thee fright.
Thinkſt thou to play with the black deeds th'aſt done?
Were I but free, though naked and alone,

Thou

Thou too defended by a desp'rate crew,
And all indeed more near being damn'd then thou;
This single Arm should prove my cause is good,
And Chronicle my honour in their blood.

K. I'st thus Sir you would plead your innocence?
Think you t'outbrave us with your impudence?
Once more the Traytor to his tortures bear.

Qu. But Sir your justice now is too severe.
'Twere an ill Tryumph after victories,
To make the Conquerour the Sacrifice;
That Gallantry some priviledge may plead.

K. His treasons are too plain and open lay'd,
And all his merits weigh'd against them light.

Qu. Should we him guilty of worse crimes admit,
And that in's death you'd worthiest justice show,
Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

K. When *Deidamia* pleads I can't deny,
His doom's this time recal'd, he shall not dye;
But (rob'd of all his joys) let him be sent
To a perpetual imprisonment;
His treasures rifl'd, and his Wife a slave.

Alci. Here on my knees let me one favour crave.
Whatever fate you have design'd for me,
It is embrac't, but Sir let her be free;
Let all the weight of the alleadg'd offence
Light upon me; wrong not her innocence.

Tim. How mean and abject is your courage now!
Think you that I dare suffer less then you?
No Sir; in this he has no right to plead;
What e're you think either has merited,
Let equally justice on us both be shown;
And as we are, so let our fates be one.

Alci. Thou wonder of thy Sex! ——

K. I'l hear no more:
How dare you tempt an angry Monarchs powr?
But since his fate so grateful you esteem:
Let her be Pris'ner too, but far from him.

He

He muſt not be ſo happy to have her,
For fetters would be bleſſings were ſhe there.
Go ſee you execute our orders ſtrait.

Tim. Thus we with ſmiles will entertain our fate.
My deareſt Lord farewel, let not a ſigh
Or tear proclaim we greive our parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our happineſs a pain,
Joy were not then a bleſſing, but a chain.
No, let us part, as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this life only to gain a new.
Greif equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at leaſt in Heav'n ſhall meet again.

Alci. So from their Oracles the Deities
Inſtruct the ignorant World in Miſteries.
But, part! that word would make a Saint deſpair.
Obedience cannot be a vertue here.
If ſo ye Gods ye have ſuch precepts giv'n,
That an example would confound your Heav'n,
You duties beyond your own omnipotence enjoyn;
Can you forſake your Heaven, or Heave mine?
Till when thus King I'm fix't beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endleſs love.
Kill me, thou yet ſhalt of thy ends deſpair,
My Soul ſhall wait upon her ev'ry where,
Nay I'd not fly to Heav'n till ſhe came there!

K. Shall I thus ſee my ſelf out-brav'd? away,
He is a Traytor that but ſeems to ſtay.

[Alcibiades *ſnatches a ſword from one of the Guards.*

Alci. Now I am arm'd, death to that wretch that flies.

K. Sir, do you think to look us into fears?
Diſarm him Guards, or kill him.

[*they fight and diſarm him.*

Tiſſ. Puſh home ye Dogs

Alci. — Sordid ſlaves.
Thus ev'ry Aſs the helpleſs Lyon braves.

Adieu

Adieu divineſt of thy Sex, adieu!
I never thought that I could part till now.
Now I deſerve the worſt fate has in ſtore,
That in ſo brave a cauſe ſhould do no more.
[*The Guards offer to lead him off.*
Yet ſtay one look. Thus does the needle ſteer
To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near:
When in the eager proſpect of his joy,
He is by ſome rude artiſt ſnatch't away.
Farewel, ———

Tim. Farewel, and if your memory
E're trouble you with ſuch a thing as I,
Let not a ſigh come from you, but believe
I'd rather be forgot, then you ſhould grieve.

Alci. Such worth ſhall in each Temple have a ſhrine;
What, to regain her, would I not reſign?
But ſhe's too heav'nly to be longer mine. [*Exeunt*
(*ſeveral ways Guarded, and looking back at each other.*

K. She's gon, but oh what mighty charms here lye
Couch't in the narrow circle of an eye!
Had ſhe but ſtay'd another minute here,
I had worn chains, and been her Priſoner:
And ſtill I fear my heart is not my own;
For if ſo bright when to a Dungeon gone,
How would ſhe ſhine Triumphant on a Throne! [*Exit.*

Qu. So now or never muſt my love ſucceed,
Vainly weak King haſt thou his doom decreed.
In this beginning of his fall th'aſt ſhown
But the imperfect figure of thy own.
Few hours remain 'twixt thee and deſtiny,
Till when grow dull in thy ſecurity.
Timandra's and thy death is one deſign;
Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine. [*Exit.*

ACT.

Act. V. Scene I.

Tiſſaphernes Solus.

Tiſſ. NOW like a Lyon on my prey I'le feaſt.
Revenge! thou ſolace to a troubled breaſt.
Could but *Theramnes* in *Elizium* know,
How would his Choſt rejoyce at what I do!
[*Theramnes* Ghoſt riſes.

Gh. Oh no ——

Tiſſ. Death, what is that I hear and ſee?
Begon dull Ghoſt; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

Gh. From deepeſt horrour of eternal night,
Where Souls in everlaſting torments groan,
Where howling fiends be chain'd, and where's no light,
But thickeſt darkneſs covers ev'ry one,
I come to warn thee mortal of thy ſin;
Short time is here left for thee to remain.
'Twere fit that thy repentance ſoon begin,
For think what 'tis to live in endleſs pain.
Farewel —— [*Deſcends.*

Tiſſ. ——'Twas an odd ſpeech, but be it ſo:
Piſh; Hell it ſelf trembles at what I do;
And it's ſubmiſſion better to expreſs,
Sends this Embaſſadour to make it's peace.
Let idle fears the ſuperſtitions awe;
With me my reſolution is a law.
Repentance now would be too late begun:
Ages can't expiate what I have done.
And if below for Souls ſuch torments are,
Methinks there's yet ſome brav'ry in deſpair.
The eaſie King looks little in his State,
His Crown is for his Head too great a weight:
But I will eaſe him, and adorn this brow.
Thus to my aimes no limits I'l allow.

Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, shall be
My busines; so I'l baffle destinie.
Hell! no,——
I'l act such things whilst here I have abode,
Till my own Trophyes raise me to a God.

Enter Queen.

Qu. Now such an Engine is it I would have,
I know he is a Traytor, and is brave.
I'l bait him with ambition that may move;
Then if complacent to my ends he prove,
In seeming to comply with his design,
I'l make him but an instrument to mine:
For when success me to my wishes calls,
I'l shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
My Lord!——

Tiss. Madam!

Qu. My Father lov'd you well,
I've heard him oft of your atchievements tell.
When in his Camp such gallant deeds you wrought,
And always victory and triumph brought.

Tiss. Madam, your Father was all good and just.

Qu. He could, why may not I your honour trust?

Tiss. You wrong it else; your Father lives in you.
As I was his, I am your Champion too.
Though old, against your Foes this Sword shall plead
Your right; name but your Traytor, and he's dead.

Qu. Nay Sir, the Traytor's not alone my Foe,
His injuries extended are to you,
To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet basely him that gave him growth destroys;
Whilst for his ills he would his kindness plead,
To heap your honours on your Rivals head.
Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own honour save.

Tiss. Your Majesty would mean the King. D'ye try
My resolution, or my Loyalty?

Qu.

Qu. Your Courage Sir is known, your Loyalty,
If you have any, you'l find due to me.
Through me theſe honours you in *Sparta* bore,
And 'twas my Father made you great before.
Now know it is the King, whoſe perjurd Soul
Has done me injuries ſo baſe and foul,
That all that's good will bluſh at; his vowes paſt
To me all in anothers love are loſt.
Nay, with my honour too my life muſt bleed,
He, with the General's, has my fall decreed,
To take the fair *Timandra* to his bed.
Let's go ſurprize him now he's full of Wine,
Revenge me on his life, his Crown is thine.

Tiſſ. Madam, indeed the injuries you feel
Cry loud; nor do I tamely ſee my ill.
But you muſt ſwear to me you will be true,

Qu. By all that's holy I'l be ſo to you.

Tiſſ. I'l do't, but Madam know I undertake
To hazard life and honour for your ſake,
Should you betray me: —

Qu. Nay now you are unkinder then before.
To my firſt Oath I'l add a million more.

Tiſſ. And you will ſtill be mindful of the Crown?

Qu. Had he ten Thouſand, they were all your own.

Tiſſ. This then's his fate; pitty a Crime were here:
He ſhan't have time enough to make a prayer. [*draws a Dagger.*

Qu. Be bold; and proſper in thy brave deſign,
And when his death's perform'd, the next is thine. [*aſide.*

Tiſſ. This trap was dang'rouſly and ſubtly lay'd, [*Exit.*
But I am not ſo eaſily betrayd.
Her love to *Alcibiades* I know,
Her Woman for me did that kindneſs do.
And ſince ſhe is ſo good at the deſign,
I'l to oblige her give her one of mine.
My zealous urging of her Oath was done,
Not to prevent her plots, but hide my own.

I'l cheriſh her in all that ſhe pretends,
So make her ayms but covers to my ends.
For when I'm ſeated on the *Spartan* Throne,
Both her and all her Treaſons I'l diſown:
Prove both her judge and her accuſer too,
And on her my firſt act of juſtice do.
So all my doubts and fears will be o're-paſt,
And by her fall I fix my ſelf more faſt. [*Exit.*

Enter a Chair of State with a Table by it, and upon that the Crown and Scepter.

Enter King *and* Lords.

K. My Lords, no more, w'ave drank too deep; I'd now
A while be private.
Lords. —— Royal Sir, we go.
K. Boy take thy Lute, and with a pleaſing ayr
Appeaſe my ſorrows, and delude my care. [*Sits down.*

SONG.

Princes that Rule and Empires Sway,
How tranſitory is their State!
Sorrowes thee glories do allay,
And richeſt Crowns have greateſt weight.

2

The mightieſt Monarch treaſon fears,
Ambitious thoughts within him rave;
His life all diſcontent and cares;
And he at beſt is but a Slave.

3.

Vainly we think with' fond delight,
To eaſe the burden of our cares.
Each grief a Second does invite,
And ſorrows are each others heirs.

For

4.

For me my honour I'l maintain,
Be gallant generous and brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
At leaſt I find it in the grave. [the *King* falls aſleep.

Enter Queen *and* Tiſſaphernes *with a Dagger.*

Qu. He ſleeps; now let the fatal deed be done.
Hah! what are theſe, the Scepter and the Crown!
So did the drouſie Dragon ſleep, when he
Loſt the rich fruits of the Heſperian Tree.
First we'l ſecure his Crown, and then he dyes.
Takes up the Crown.
Thus I'm diſcharg'd of all my promiſes. [*puts it on his head.*
Take this, and if I claim your promiſe too,
Y'are King, and juſtice is your duty now.
Come by his fall ——
This your firſt ſtep to glory ſolemnize,
I make you King, make him my Sacrifice.
Tiſſ. I'l do't, but ſtay —— [*advances towards the* King
Qu. —— Nay, quickly to him go,
Sir he expects no Ceremony now.
Tiſſ. Thus then I —— hah! how alter'd am I grown!
I ſtand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.
There is in Majeſty a ſecret charm,
That puts a fetter on a Traytors arm;
I cannot do't ——
Qu. Then look on her that dares.
How deſpicable is the man that fears!
Give me the fatal Inſtrument of death;
My ſelf will in his heart that dagger ſheath; [*takes his dagger from him.*
Then bluſh to think, if e're the World ſhould know,
That a frail Woman durſt do more then you.
Courage —— he ſmiles, —— [*advances towards the* King.

Some

Some pleasing dreams his fancy entertain;
Oh it were pitty he should wake again.
Thus King, thy life and Empire I command:
Accept this from thy *Deidamia's* hand. *Stabs him*
K. Hah murder'd! *Deidamia*, and by you!
What is't that faithless Woman will not do!
Henceforth all Loyalty and love farewell.
When after ages shall this story tell,
'Twill be a truth too sad to be receiv'd;
Nor shall the World be by it self believ'd.
Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit,
To lay all my Ambition at your feet?
When at the Altars strictest vows I paid,
Nor were they with less zeal perform'd then made!
I lov'd you far above that life y'ave spilt,
Till ev'n my passion was become my guilt:
I for your sake depriv'd heav'n of its due,
Took adoration thence to pay it you.
And must this be th' reward for all I've done?
Yet I shall have this comfort when I'm gone,
That I no longer shall with thee remain,
But dye in hopes we ne're shall meet again. [*dyes.*
Qu. He's gon, and now my Lord, ——
Tiss. —— Oh what is't you have done?
A while lay your unruly passions down.
View but the sweet Composure of that face,
Where grandeur sat attended by each grace:
Now there grim death his gashly Revels keeps;
And pallid horrour o're each feature creeps.
Weep Madam, weep, to think your rage has giv'n
That blow, which robs the World to enrich heav'n.
Oh my dear Lord, that er'e I liv'd to know
This day? Madam I can't conceal it.
Qu. —— Say you so?
But Sir I Scorn to be betray'd by you. [*At the noise of People entring, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon her knees, and layes hold of* Tissaphernes; *then speaks.*

Treason

Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon, &c. ——
Is't not enough y'ave ſhed my Husbands blood?
Tiſſ. The Devil! ——
Qu. And rob'd the World of all that's great and good,
But you muſt ſeek my life? Oh pitty take,
If not for mine, at leaſt for vertues ſake!
Tiſſ. Hell and Plagues! ——
Qu. But why do I name that? for all that e're
The World had left of it, lyes murder'd there.
Tiſſ. Very fine.
Qu. Yet though you've rob'd him of his life, ſave mine:
I'll live to ask heav'n pardon for your ſin.
Tiſſ. So now I'l ſtop your mouth.
[*Breaks from her, and takes up the Dagger.*
Qu. Help, murder, Treaſon, help.
Enter Lords.
1 *Lord.* How, *Tiſſaphernes* arm'd againſt the Queen!
What means this poſture Sir? ——
Qu. —— Oh noble Lord,
If e're your pitty could a tear afford,
Weep down an Ocean there; behold the ſpring
Of *Sparta's* hopes lyes murder'd in her King,
And had not I the traytors rage withſtood,
He with my Husbands too had mixt my blood.
See where he guilty ſtands.
Lord. —— Great *Agis* ſlain!
By *Tiſſaphernes* too!
Qu. Yes, he to gain
The Spartan Crown, this bloody deed has done,
See he already has uſurpt the Crown;
His hot Ambition could not bear delays,
But on the Royal ſpoyles thus proudly preys,
Inſults in's treaſon.
Tiſſ. —— I am now run down
So far that all hopes of recovry's gon.

But Madam, can you dare to lay this guilt
On me? was't not by you his blood was ſpilt?
Qu. By me! baſe wretch, would thy impiety
Lay this inhumane regicide on me?
I wound this breaſt? ah deareſt Saint, too well
I knew thy worth! [*weeps.*
Tiſſ. Death, ſhe'l be Queen of *Hell*:
Pluto will grow in love with her for this.
1 *Lord.* My Lord, treaſon's above all pardon.
Tiſſ. —— 'tis.
Lord. Then Sir to juſtice.
Tiſſ. No, thus I deny. [*preſents his Dagger.*
I liv'd not by it, nor will by it dye.
Was it for this my ſtratagems I lay'd
To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?
Curſe on my narrow fate, but yet to ſhew
That I love murder too as well as you,
Thus perjur'd Queen.
[*offers to ſtab the Queen, but is hinder'd by the Lords.*
Qu. See how he'd ſtill purſue
His Treaſon! hence to juſtice with him go:
Hourly let on the Rack his pains encreaſe,
Till he the horrour of his guilt confeſs.
Tiſſ. That ſhall not need. I'l own the deed as mine,
But glory in't, it was a brave deſign.
The King kill'd! and I ruin'd! to compleat
Thy luſt, all by one ſtratagem! was great:
So great, that for its ſake
I can with ſatisfaction yeild my breath,
Elſe I ſhould take no pleaſure in my death.
But e're I go, be pleas'd to entertain
The laſt kind precepts of a dying man.
Be bloody, falſe, revengful, luſtful! all
That can be found recorded on Hells hall
Embrace, where-e're you riſing vertue ſee,
Down with it, and ſet up impietie.

Mark

Make that your theam, leave nothing ill undone,
So copy *Tiſſaphernes* when he's gon:
Who leaves this counſel as a Legacy,
'Tis my Religion, and I'l in it dye. [*Exit* Tiſſ. *guarded.*
Qu. Hence with the wretch ——
Mean while to my dead Lord I'l ſorrows pay,
And after his ſigh my own life away.
So now they are gon --- hah who comes there?
Enter Ardella.
Ard. —— 'Tis I.
Qu. *Ardella*, on that thing caſt back an eye;
'Twas once a King, but thank theſe hands now none:
Nay ſtart not, *Tiſſaphernes* too is gon; [Ardella *ſtarts.*
His treaſures all are thine as a reward.
Ard. You are too kind ——
Qu. See ſtrait a draught prepar'd,
And Murderers, *Timandra* next muſt fall,
You know our will, let it be done.
Ard. —— It ſhall. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE a darkn'd Tent.

[Timandra *aſleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and ſings.*

Merli. *Come my* Salla, *come away,*
Thy Merli *calls.*
Salla within. *Whither?*
Merli. *Hither, w'ave no buſ'neſs to day,*
And where innocence ſleeps we ſecurely may play.
Salla. *I come.* [Enters.
Merli. *So welcome my dear,*
But firſt let's diſperſe the black Clouds that are here.
Both. *Round about this place we range,*
And it's gloomy darkneſs change,

To a bright delightful Grove,
A proper Scene *for happy love.*

The SCENE changes to *Elizium.*

Merli. *Next to divert this fair one, all*
Our wing'd Companions me'l call,
And the Ayr for musick charm,
Whilst they their measures here perform.

Both. *Come all you bright forms that inhabit the Ayr,*
And ease with your pleasures the cares of the fair,
Here frolick and play, oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his wings and away.

Several Spirits of the ayr descend and Dance.

Salla. *Now let us discover the mansions of rest,*
Where lovers with eternal joyes are blest.

[A glorious Temple appears in the Ayr, where (the Spirits of the happy are seated.

See fair one, see, not long e're you
To those glorious seats shall go.

Another Spi. *The lustful Queen thirsts for your blood,*
And you are for the World too good.

Merli. *Nor shall you come alone, your lovers too*
Must meet a Fate the same with you.

Salla. *But here your troubles all shall cease,*
'Tis the Seat of endless blisse.

Cho. *Here in endless pleasures they*
Keep eternal Holyday.
Here they Revel, Sport, and are
Crown'd with joys still new and rare,
Their pleasures too can never dye,
But like themselves have Immortality.

Merli. *See the kind Spirits smile, and now*
They'l bless her with a nearer view.

[The whole body of the Temple moves downward.

Cho.

Cho. *Deſcend oh ye glories deſcend!*
Who with bleſſings eternal are crown'd;
To this Nymph your kind influence lend:
Whilſt all the Sphears with harmony reſound.
Merli. *She wakes, let the apparition go,*
By th' damp upon my wings I know
Something ill is drawing near,
Come Salla, *come away, Oh come away my dear.*
[*They all vaniſh, and the* SCENE *changes again to the Tent.*

Tim. I've had a dream might make a lover bleſt,
Oh th' ſweet delights of everlaſting reſt!
[*Queen appears at the entrance.*
How this the Queen? what can her coming mean?
Qu. Ardella with the Ruffians here remain;
I'l in, and with ſoft words her temper try,
If without him ſhe'l live, ſhe ſhall not dye.
Madam! —— [*to* Timandra.
Tim. —— Your pleaſure!
Qu. Oft' I've heard y'are brave,
But the beſt proof of gallantry you gave,
When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
And ſuch a bliſs with ſo rare patience left.
Tim. Madam, our flames a nobler paſſion rules
Then fondneſs, th' idle guilt of wav'ring fools:
Our loves knew a far higher excellence,
Then the half pleaſures of a minutes ſenſe.
Qu. Then you may love ſince you can with him part,
He has made a conqueſt o're my tender heart:
Love governs here, and ſince my Husband's dead,
Fate and my choiceſt wiſhes have decreed,
He ſhould both in his love and throne ſucceed.
Tim. Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make
Him his *Timandra* and his faith forſake?
Or think you I an Attome will reſign
Of that heart, which by holy vows is mine?

No I will keep him maugre cruelty.
Qu. But Madam do you know what 'tis to dye?
Tim. Yes, 'tis to lay theſe clogs our bodys by,
And be remov'd to bleſt eternity.
By death relief from all our griefs we gain,
And by one, put an end to years of pain;
By that we in one minute find out more,
Then all the buſie gown men ſtudy for;
Who after in dull ſearch th'ave ages ſpent,
Learn nothing but to know th'are ignorant.
Death is a bleſſing, and a thing ſo far
Above that worſt of all our frailties fear;
It claims our joy, ſince by it we put on
The top of happineſs, perfection.
Quit him! no never whilſt I here have breath;
He's mine in ſpight of cruelty or death.
Qu. Then enter ye grim Miniſters of fate,
[*Enter Murderers with Poiſon.*
Does not your ſtubborn courage now abate?
Tim. No, my reſolves more fixt and firm are grown,
Bring dreadfull'ſt racks and tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each ſenſe, and then do thou
Tempt me my love and int'reſt to forgo,
Midſt of my pains I'l ſmile, and tell thee no.
Qu. But minion, ſoon your inſolence ſhall ceaſe.
Come, ſince ſuch reſolution you expreſs,
Take this, demur not, do't,— [*Gives her a bowl of poiſon.*
Tim. And is this all?
I thought t'ave had a more Heroick fall,
Expected to have nobleſt tortures met,
Not by dull poiſon to have found my fate.
But any way I can thy pow'r defie,
'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I dye: [*offers to drink.*
Qu. Yet yeild, and live, ——
Tim. —— Live! what have I to do
With life, when giv'n by one ſo baſe as you?

Thus

Thus I deſpiſe it, —— [*Drinks.*

Qu. What diſmal tortures ſtrait will on her ſeize!

[*after* Timandra *has drank the Poiſon.*

So 'twas a health to *Alcibiades.*

Tim. Now bluſh at what thy impious rage has done,
My *Alcibiades* is ſtill my own:
And if thou him embrace when I am gon,
Each night thy bed I'l haunt, and challenge there
Thoſe joys, of which thou haſt bereſt me here.
Anxious ſhall be each day, diſturb'd each night,
A reſtleſs ſhade I'l ſtill be in thy ſight;
And thee i'th' height of all thy pleaſures fright.
Heav'n what do I feel! ——

Qu. Oh does the draught ſucceed!

Ard. Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
And juſt is entring, ——

Qu. —— Strait with ſtraiteſt care
Convey her in, and wait my pleaſure there.

[*The Murderers lead in* Timandra.

Sweet Murder! oh no Phyſick is ſo good
For th' hopeleſs lover as a bath of blood.
But here he comes —— [*Enter* Alcibiades.
— Now to my greifs again. [*veils*

Alci. It makes we wonder how I freedom gain,
All things confus'd, and in diſorder are.
How's this in mourning weeds? unveil my fair.
Hah not *Timandra*! —— [*Queen unveils*

Qu. — No Sir, though 'tis one
That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
Or could, did ſhe yet live, but ſhe is dead.

Alci. How dead! ——

Qu. Yes, *Tiſſaphernes* that black deed did do,
Prompted by his ignoble hate to you.
But you will wonder more, when I ſhall tell,
That by his hand the mighty *Agis* fell.
The King is ſlain: both I, and *Sparta*, now

Have

Have no hopes left, but what remain in you.

Alci. In me! alas! I am a wretch too poor;
Timandra dead! curſt ever be the hour
Wherein ſo fair an innocence was loſt.
Heav'n juſtly now may of its glories boaſt;
For the moſt bright, and precious Saint that e're
The World enjoy'd, is fled, and ſeated there.

Qu. Why do you let your greifs diſtract your Soul?
Call up your reaſon, and let paſſion cool.
See here a Queen, that courts you with the charms
Of Love, a Crown, and Empire, to her Arms:
No longer for *Timandra* ſorrow wear,
I will ſupply all you have loſt in her:
I'll love you as ſhe did.

Alci. —— Oh Madam, no
To love like her's a tas'k too hard for you;
Love me as ſhe did? why each thought ſhe had
Of me, was ſuch, might make an Angel glad:
For Crowns; though Emp'rour of the World I were,
I'd turn a begger to recover her.
Oh Madam tempt no further, all's but vain,
I ne're can have a thought of love again.

Qu. Never! ——

Alci. No never, ——

Qu: —— Can you then ſo ſoon
Forget your promiſe? or will you diſown
That ere, if you *Timandra* ſhould ſurvive,
You vow'd you only for my ſake would live?
You ſee how Heaven has decreed, ——

Alci: —— Alas!
I then the bleſſing knew, but not the loſs,
Beſides I now muſt dye ——

Qu: How Sir is't thus, my profer'd love you prize?

Alci. I do not hate you, may not that ſuffice?

Qu. Ungrateful, no, but I'll reward thy pride,
Draw back: —— [*The Scene drawn diſcovers* Timandra
(*on a Couch in the midſt of her pains.* —— Go

—— Go dotard, in, enjoy thy bride;
And know by me thy lov'd *Timandra* dy'd:
Yes cruel man by me ——
Tim. ——No Queen, she lives,
And still to all thy rage defiance give's. [*Sees* Alcibiades.
Do I behold my dearest Lord so nigh!
Shall I agen see him before I dye!
Alci. Best hopes and comfort of my life! I'm here,
How fares my love? ——
Tim. Oh come not, come not near,
My blood's all fire, infection's in each vein,
And tyrant death in ev'ry part does reign;
But I for you could suffer much more pain.
Alci. Kind heav'n! let all her pangs upon me fall,
And add ten thousand more, I'll bear 'em all,
Do but restore her back; O thou cursed Queen!
What Devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a sin?
Cou'dst thou be guilty of so foul a deed?
Qu. Yes I did do't, by me the King too bled,
Unworthy wretch! and all for love of you:
But had I pow'r I now would kill thee too.
Alci. Oh do't; I'll blot out all th'art done before,
And never call thee base, nor cruel more.
Here is my breast; soon the kind work begin,
Advance thy Poniard, send it boldly in.
Qu. No, thou shalt live for harder destiny,
But first shalt see thy dear *Timandra* dye.
Alci. Oh misery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Must I not happy be in life, not death?
Tim. Alas! cease your unnecessary moan,
I find my torments quickly will be gon.
Though I could wish they might to years renew,
So I might still be blest with seeing you.
Now the black storms of fate are all blown o're,
And we shall meet, and ne're be parted more.
But oh farewell —— [*dyes.*
Alci.

Alci. —— My dear *Timandra* ſtay!
Ah pretious Soul, fly not ſo ſoon away!
But one look more; will death have no remorſe?
See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.
But oh ſhe's gon, ſeize there that Murd'reſs.
Qu. —— No:
Seize me! 'tis more then all your Camp can do:
Who e're comes, here's my guard: Alas mean fool,
[*Preſents her Dagger.*
My fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
There lyes your conſtancy: [*pointing to* Timandra.
[Alcibiades *flyes to the Queen, and*
(*ſnatches the Dagger from her.*
Alci. Infernal hag!
Whoſe ev'ry breath infects, each look's a plague!
Could not thy fury on my boſome reſt,
But thou muſt wreak thy vengeance on this breaſt?
To murder her! — curſe on me that I ſtand
Thus Idle; now thy heart: [*preſents the Dagger to*
— But oh 'twould brand (*her breaſt.*
My Trophyes with eternal infamy,
If by my hand ſo baſe a thing ſhould dye:
Her ills ſo many, and ſo odious are,
They would diſgrace an executioner.
Yet I'd do ſomething, oh I hav't, I'l tear [*ravingly*
Her peicemeal: — but *Timandra's* gone too far: [*mildly*
Yonder ſhe Mounts, tryumphant Spirit ſtay:
See where the Angels bear her Soul away!
Now all the Gods will grow in love with her;
And I ſhall meet freſh troops of Rivals there.
But thus I'l haſte and follow, —— [*Stabs himſelf.*
— Devil there, — [*throws the Dagger to the Queen.*
Dye if thou haſt courage enough to dare.
But oh! ——
A heavy faintneſs does each ſenſe ſurprize:
Yet e're I cloſe up theſe unhappy eyes,
Here their laſt dutious ſorrows they ſhall pay

And

And at this object melt in tears away.
Bleſt center of my hopes! in whom I plac't
Too choice, too pure a happineſs to laſt,
I any loſsleſs then thy death had greiv'd;
How well could I have dy'd, ſo thou hadſt liv'd!
Damn'd fiend! —— [*to the Queen.*
But oh why do I rave at her?
That have ſo little time to tarry here;
One parting kiſs, and then in peace I'l dye: [*kiſſes Tim.*
Now farewel world, welcome eternity.

Enter Patroclus *Lords and Guards.*

Patr. Horrour of horrours! this was a diſmal chance,
Alas my freind!

Alci. —— Thy uſeleſs greif refrain,
Farewell; we ſhall hereafter meet again. [*dyes.*

Patr. Guards ſeize the Queen ——

Qu. —— Seize me rude Slaves? forbear.

Patr. You ſhall in ſhort your accuſation hear.
To kill the King, my Father, firſt you made
Your property; then baſely him betray'd.
Your Woman all confes't, and by the Guard
Is now ſecur'd to a more juſt reward.
And (though too late) this black deſign I knew:
Yet all your ſtratagems are uſeleſs now.
Hence with the Murd'reſs, to Juſtice.

Qu. —— Hah!
Think you that I will dye by formal law?
No, when I'm dead be thus my fame ſupplv'd:
She liv'd a murd'reſs, and a murd'reſs dy'd. [*ſtabs her ſelf.*
Juſtice would but my happineſs retard:
Thus I deſcend below to a reward.
I ſhall be Queen of fate: the furies there
For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.
I long to be in ſtate; my Lords farewell:
Now noble Charon! hoyſe up Sayl for Hell. [*dyes.*

Lord. Her Soul is fled, ——

Patr. ——With her for ever dye,
Her treasons, and her odious memory.
But whither is the fair *Draxilla* gone?

Lord. Distracted at the mischiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.

Patr. Quickly let after her be made pursuit:
I'l ransack all the World to find her out.
Propitious Heav'n will sure to her be kind.

Enter Lord.

2 *Lord.* My Lord we in our votes have all combin'd
To make you King, the Camp with shouts, and cryes
Of joy, send their loud wishes to the Skyes.

[*Shouts within, Long live* Patroclus.
(*King of* Sparta.

Patr. Go bid 'em their unwelcome noise forbear:
Turn all their shouts to sighs of sorrow here.

[*Turns to the Bodyes.*

Th'are gone; and with e'm all I wish'd to keep.
Now could I almost turn a boy, and weep.
My Friends! my Mistress! and my Father lost!
Never were growing hopes more sadly crost.
Now fortune has her utmost malice shown,
she'd court me with the flattery of a Crown:
A thing so far beneath those joys I miss,
'Tis but the shadow of a happiness.
For how uneasily on Thrones they sit,
That must like me be wretched to be great!

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee.*

NOW who ſayes Poets don't in blood delight?
'Tis true the varlets care not much to fight;
But faith, they claw it off when e're they write:
Are bully Rocks not of the common ſize;
Kill ye men faſter then Domitian *flyer.*
Ours made ſuch Havock, that the ſilly Rogue
Was forc't to make me riſe for th' Epilogue.
The fop damn'd me, but e're to hell I go,
I'd very fain be ſatisfy'd, if you
Think it not juſt that he were ſerv'd ſo too.
As he hath yours, do you his hopes beguile:
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then damn him down to Hell, and never ſpare,
Perhaps he'l find more favour there then here.
Nay of the two may chuſe the much leſs evil,
If you're but good when pleas'd, e'n ſo's the Devil.

ERRA-

ERRATA.

IN the Epistle P. 1. l. 14. for *look to*, r. *take*. P. 2. l. 3. for *should be concern'd*, r. *should I be concern'd*. P. ibid. l. 17. for *with all my best endeavours*, r. *with it all my best endeavours*. P. 7. l. 4. for *disadvantagious*, r. *disadvantageous*. P. ib. l. 35. for *exhaild*, r. *exhal'd*. P. 8. l. 13. for *vertue*, r. *influence*. P. 12. l. 13. for *hallow*, r. *hollow*. P. ib. l. 29. for *plag'd*, r. *damn'd*. P. 13. l. 4. for *oh Heavens!* r. *ye Gods!* P. ib. l. 29. for *firmer*, r. *starre*. P. 14. l. ult. for *Brows darts Majesty*, r. *Brow darts Majesty*. P. 16. l 2. for *the customs*, r. *our customs*. P. 19. l. 16. for *vanquish*, r. *vanish*. P. ib. l. 19. for *Tumultions*, r. *Tumultuous*. P. 21. l. 4. for *to their fate*, r. *so their fate*. P. ib. l. 9. for *thus fair*, r. *then fair*. P. 23. l. 32. for *art approv'd*, r. *were approv'd*. P. 27. l. 12. for *heavy head*, r. *hoary head*. P. 28. l. 10. for *courage*, r. *glory*. P. ib. l. 12. for *friend*, r. *fiend*. P. 42. l. 32. for *revailing*, r. *revealing*. P. 49. l. 10. for *be Chain'd*, r. *byt Chain'd*. P. 53. l. 17. for *that Dagger*, r. *this Dagger*.